# THE EXHIBITION,

## OR A SECOND ANTICIPATION:

BEING

Remarks on the principal Works to be Exhibited next Month, at the

*ROYAL ACADEMY;*

By ROGER SHANHAGAN, *Gent.*

Ὁ Ἀνθρωπος εὐεργετὸς πεφυκώς.

*Antonin, Lib. 9.*

LONDON,

Printed for RICHARDSON and URQUHART, under the Royal Exchange.

*Price 2s. 6d.*

1402 h31

THE

# EXHIBITION:

OR, A

# SECOND ANTICIPATION.

THOUGH I now appear under a name to which the Literary World is a ſtranger, every reader of taſte will recogniſe an author who has frequently attempted to inſtruct him before. I have ſpent a long life in the ſervice of the public, and have written on every ſubject that engages the imagination or underſtanding of man. Many Eſſays on the Art of Reading, many Elements of Criticiſm, many Strictures on the Moral Senſe have I publiſhed; but partly through modeſty, and partly to avoid envy, I have ſuffered the profit and praiſe to be reaped by others. For me the pleaſure of reflecting that I had done well was ſufficient reward. True virtue, I ſaid with inward pride, is never oſtentatious; ſhe knows no earthly good equal to her own ſecret applauſe.

But my critical and metaphyſical labours are what I reflect on with the greateſt delight. I cannot help exulting, when my intellectual eye reviews the innumerable pages of eminent poets which my commentaries have illuminated, and when I call to remembrance the many new ſyſtems and new ſenſes which I have invented to determine the criterion of taſte, my heart ſwells, and I ſeem a being of a higher order ſent down for the peculiar benefit of man. To dictate in Criticiſm and Metaphyſics I claim as my birth-right. I am at once the grandſon and nephew of the great Martinus Scriblerus. While I was yet a child, my illuſtrious progenitor declared that I ſhould not diſgrace him. The venerable old man would often preſs me to his boſom with tranſport. Well do I remember the day when he held me in his arms, and kiſſed me, and bedewed my head with his tears. "My deareſt boy," ſaid he, "cultivate Criticiſm, "and ſtudy Metaphyſics with aſſiduity. Endeavour "to unite the two ſciences, and employ them to im- "prove the fine Arts. The fine Arts ariſe from, or "are the ſources of all that is amiable. Amid that "multiplicity of ſtudies in which I foreſee thy ac- "tive mind will be engaged, make thoſe thy peculiar "care. The attention thou beſtoweſt upon them will "make thy name honourable, and men will bleſs thee

"when

"when thy head is low in the grave. The ſtudy of "abſtruſe ſciences is indeed grateful to the ſoul ever "thirſting after knowledge; but the ſtudy of the "Arts is uſeful to all mankind." The good man died ſoon after, overcome by the ill uſage of the world, which he ſtill regarded with affection, like a father that weeps over the ſon that inſults him. But his words ſunk deep into my heart, and even now I perceive them vibrate on my ear.

Thus deſcended, and thus tutored, I conſidered myſelf as the guardian and protector of the Arts. At the inſtitution of the Royal Academy, how I rejoiced in the proſpect of their improving under the ſmiles of Royalty. But there is no good without its concomitant evil. I beheld, at the ſame time, a number of hirelings aſſume my rights, and diſperſe their meagre unprincipled Criticiſms from every preſs during the annual Exhibition. I was then engaged in works of great moment, and had not leiſure to repreſs them; but as authors are remarkable for being buſy out of their ſphere, I had hope that ſome one would for once make perverſeneſs a virtue, and deliver the world from theſe monſters. Alas! I hoped in vain. Year after year I beheld their increaſing numbers diffuſing their venom through the nation, almoſt to the total

deſtruction of Genius and Taſte, and no one daring to oppoſe them; and now, when I have leiſure, I am waxen old and weak. Oh! that I was what heretofore I have been. When I met the doughty Warburton in the liſts of Criticiſm, my body was not bowed, nor my head ſilvered by age. Yet, old and feeble as I am, my zeal for the Arts and my Country impells me once again to the field. Perhaps the deſtruction of theſe peſts is deſtined to be the laſt of my labours.

After invoking the powers that preſide over Literature, according to my wonted cuſtom, at the beginning of every undertaking, I ſat down to conſider by what means I ſhould accompliſh my deſign. The number of my antagoniſts ſtartled me; to attack them ſingly, was to purſue and impale, with a needle, each individual gnat of the ſwarms that in ſummer torment the traveller; to engage them all together, was dangerous. In ſuch a combat I might be compared to Hercules fighting with a nation of Pigmies. Though a ſingle ſtroke of his club depopulated whole provinces, the accumulated venom of innumerable darts might bring even the ſon of Jove to the ground. "I will conquer by ſtratagem, ſaid I; I will an-
"ticipate them: this will cauſe Thouſands to periſh

"in

" in ſilence, and the reſt will become an eaſy prey " to my reſentment." I began to triumph in imagination, and to compute my fame. " The Ladies and " Connoiſſeurs, I continued, will adore me; their " attention to the pictures will no more be diſtracted " by the neceſſity of forming opinions: They will " no more be obliged to news papers and magazines, " for theſe they do not chuſe to form for themſelves. " In my Criticiſms they ſhall find opinions ready made " for this and all future Exhibitions: They ſhall know, " without ſeeing it, the merit of every picture, and " pronounce on the ability of an Artiſt without ex- " amining his works. They cannot fail to be grate- " ful—my brows will be bound with laurel—— " my ſtatue will be erected——my fame will be im- " mortal."

Elevated by theſe hopes, I ſallied forth to communicate my deſign to the Artiſts, not doubting of their hearty aſſiſtance in ſuch a laudable ſcheme. Three whole days I wandered without ſeeing one picture, or making one obſervation. In vain I exerted my eloquence. I found the antipathy to Critics more powerful than ſimile or metaphor. It boots not to tell the reader in what manner each Artiſt received me. The beſt and wiſeſt applauded my deſign, but doubted my ability.

ability. It was now that I resolved to appear from henceforth under my proper signature; for had my name been known, my ability had not been doubted. Among the inferior Artists, one heard me to the end with much gravity; and, putting his finger into a rent in my garment, told me to take a pencil and touch up my drapery. Another, more remarkable for prophanity than genius, in the midst of my harangue, vociferated D——- ye, old Boy! you have got a fine head—there's half a crown for you—let me paint your picture—I'll make an Ugolino of you, by ——

Thus slighted, thus jeered and insulted, I returned home fatigued and dispirited. My fortitude had never received such a shock. My spirits fled from me, and I sunk down on my bed. How long I laid I know not, but I was roused by a loud knocking at the door of my chamber.—I opened my eyes, and all was dark—Who's there? I demanded—trembling.—A low hollow voice replied, "Open the door"—I arose —I stumbled—with difficulty I lighted my candle—I hesitated—a thousand apprehensions of ghosts and catchpoles darkened my imagination.—The door was thrown open—a tall black man fixed his eyes upon me, and advanced with solemn step into my chamber. His head was grey like my own; his aspect

was

was grave and commanding; his hat was of uncommon ſhape, and a ſable gown, edged with furr of the ſame colour, flowed to his feet: In his left hand he held a large volume, inſcribed *Arcana Cabaliſtica*; his right he raiſed with a geſture that commanded my attention: "Roger, ſaid he, the powers which preſide "over Criticiſm and the Arts, have beheld thy fa-"tigue and diſappointment with pity. I am com-"miſſioned to gratify thy wiſhes. Sit down——the "Pictures, Statues, and Drawings ſhall appear be-"fore thee——obſerve and write, but ſpeak not—"at thy nod they "vaniſh." I ſat down with alacrity, not unmixed with terror, and, lifting up my eyes, beheld, under the names of

ROBERT and JAMES ADAM, Eſquires,

A Deſign for the Temple of Northern Patriotiſm,
A Deſign for the Temple of Virtue, and a
Section of a Lady's Dreſſing-Room.

We have long conſidered the remains of ancient magnificence, as the ſources from whence every Architect muſt derive his ideas of excellence, and the rules drawn from them, as laws poſitive and permanent, from which no deviation could be permitted;

but

but the works of theſe Artiſts convince, that the opinion is erroneous, and teach that no art can be ſaid to have attained perfection, becauſe its former productions have not been excelled. There is no fixing bounds to the ability of man. His wit and invention is continually making ſome diſcovery that exalts the preſent above preceding ages. Philoſophers had long ſought for that fugitive beauty, and, becauſe they could not find it, pronounced that it did not exiſt; but Alexander Cozens ſcratched the ſhadow of his wife's profile on the wall, and lo! it was there! The world believed it impoſſible to attain magnificence in building, without order, ſymmetry, and proportion; but the Adams erected the Adelphi, and convinced the world of its miſtake.

To men of inferior abilities the rules of Architecture are neceſſary, and in ſuch men an implicit obedience to theſe rules is merit. But true genius brooks no controul, and needs no inſtruction. It acts on principles natural and inſtinctive, and not by precepts which reaſon deduces from a ſeries of comparative obſervations. Genius is a happy madneſs that decides and determines without thought, reflection, or foreſight. Such is the genius of the Adams, irregular, elevated, and magnificent. Like Michael

Angelo,

Angelo, they look down with contempt on all the inferior excellencies, and, like him, aſtoniſh by a grandeur of ſtyle that never can be imitated. If in happy moments to ſnatch a grace beyond the reach of art has been ſufficient to gain admiration and to eſtabliſh fame, how much more muſt we admire, and how tranſcendant muſt be the reputation of thoſe whoſe moments are all happy, and whoſe works are all graces which art cannot reach? From the poems of Homer rules were deduced, by which ſucceeding poets have been directed. But the Adams are greater than he. Their works are not only erected without Rules, but from them no Rules can be drawn. The man who would criticiſe them as he ought, or would imitate them, muſt poſſeſs a portion of the ſame fire which animates the Artiſts.

In the Drawings before me, theſe Architects have excelled themſelves in Greatneſs and Novelty. The Temples are to give additional variety to the Gardens at Kew. The firſt is intended to decorate the back-wall of the ſtables, which at preſent appears unſeemly from ſome of the principal walks, and the Temple of Virtue is merely a correſpondent ornamental object. I ſhall not trouble my reader with a technical deſcription of theſe Deſigns for the detail

of Architecture is dry and unpleasing. To the Man of Taste, it will be sufficient to observe, that the first is very like the building opposite to the Admiralty, and the other almost a copy of Lord Stormont's house in Portland Place, and when I have said this, he will have no difficulty in conceiving the Dressing-Room. The Adams have peculiar felicity in adapting the same noble style to interior and exterior decoration. Their Designs are like the Letter of La Fleur. "It was but changing the Corporal for the Count, and saying nothing about mounting guard on Wednesday," and the Letter would suit Madam de L*** as well as the Corporal's wife. So if we change the titles, and remove the Attic or Pediment, the Fronts of Temples are the Sides of either Dressing or Drawing-Rooms.

Though I have praised these Gentlemen for that innate genius which is derived immediately from heaven, their acquired qualifications are more than equal to the extravagant demand of Vitruvius*. We have had no reason to doubt their skill in Physic, and the numerous trophies and crescents which decorate their buildings, prove their knowledge in Music, Astronomy, and War. Their Medallions and Basso Relievos evince

* Vitruvius, chap. i. book i.

evince their deep reading in Hiſtory. As they are placed high, and my eyes are dim, I cannot ſee them; but, doubtleſs, men of perfect ſight will find them more inſtructive than many volumes. In Law how frequently have they been engaged, and always victorious! If this does not prove their knowledge of the profeſſion, it teſtifies that their Advocates were prudently choſen, and the Judge well inclin'd to their cauſe.

But nothing ſo much diſplays the wonderful extent of their abilities as the Preface to their Works, with its Notes. We are aſtoniſhed that "amidſt the multiplied occupations of an active profeſſion" theſe Great Men could acquire ſuch a comprehenſive and elegant ſtyle. Some have indeed inſinuated that this Preface was not their performance; but of thoſe I would aſk, who but the oſtenſible Authors could be ſo ſenſible of the Merits of the Artiſts? Who could ſo well aſſert their originality and the comparative excellence of their manner? Theſe men likewiſe affect to doubt their proficiency in Philoſophy, becauſe Vitruvius has ſaid that Philoſophy will free the Architect from arrogance, and no writers, they remark, were ever ſo arrogant as the Adams, if the Adams are the authors of that preface. But theſe are ſuperficial obſervers. What they call Arrogance

is only a decent Boldneſs; the conſciouſneſs of ſuperior talents, improved by Philoſophy into a noble pride, which diſdains to ſtoop to the affectation of diffidence or humility. When they tell us "that they have not trod in the paths of others, or derived aid from their labours;" that Architecture and Great-Britain are indebted to them for baniſhing the Barbariſms of their anceſtors, and introducing a ſtyle of building equally honourable to the Art and the Nation. When they tell us this, they are elevated far above the uſual elevation of men. Philoſophy has advanced them to heaven. They are wrapt in clouds through which ſhame cannot penetrate, nor yet the hiſſes of deriſion and envy. The conſciouſneſs of excellence covers them like a coat of mail. "Throw with all your ſtrength, ye Witlings and Critics of the day, we have celeſtial armour, we have been dipped in Styx, and cannot feel a wound."

If theſe Detractors have read the deſcriptions which follow the Preface, let me aſk them, what minds but thoſe made courteous by Philoſophy, could pay ſuch attention to their inferiors in Taſte? How kindly do theſe Artiſts inſtruct where we ought to be pleaſed with, and to praiſe their performances! Ignorance is blind and Prejudice is head-

ſtrong.

ſtrong. We poſſibly might not ſee their beauties, or might miſtake them for faults; but the polar ſtar of their own applauſe, is our conſtant and unerring guide to the point of admiration.—Surely this cannot be arrogance; and if it is not, who will infer that they are deficient in Philoſophy? I truſt, my Reader, that I need not tell thee of their Patriotiſm and univerſal Benevolence, when thou obſerveſt their ſolicitude, leſt Poſterity and Foreigners ſhould be ignorant of the perfection to which they have brought the national Taſte; nor is it neceſſary to remark their condeſcention to inferior Brethern, in warning them of the danger and diſgrace which attend injudicious imitation.

If my deſire to deliver my friends from calumny, has led me farther than the intelligent reader thinks neceſſary, my good intention muſt be my excuſe. It is melancholy to obſerve what Envy and Malevolence is in the world. With what malicious avidity do mankind labour to deſtroy all ſuperior excellence? It is natural to believe that, when an elevated Genius appears, all men would regard him with reverence. But, alas! he meets with nothing but detraction and treachery. His cradle is beſet with ſerpents; his youth and vigour is waſted in unavailing

availing toils, warring against monsters that increase in tenfold proportion to the number he destroys; and if he escapes their poison, and lives to be old, his latter days are comfortless, and he flies to the grave for shelter from an ungrateful world, rejoicing over his weakness. Such was the fate of my illustrious Grandfather, and, if I may judge the future by the past, such will be my fate, and the fate of these paragons in Architecture.

But we have this consolation, my friends, that Posterity will do us that justice which our Cotemporaries deny us. When we are no longer alive to provoke envy, your Buildings will be gazed on by all with admiration, and my Criticisms read with rapture. Our names shall henceforth be united, and Shanhagan and Adam go hand in hand to eternity. And let us not droop on reflecting that your buildings must fall, and my writings be eaten by worms. Even Britain herself must fall, or ten thousand prophecies be unfulfilled. Nay

"The Stars must fade away, the Sun himself
"Grow dim with Age, and Nature sink in Years."

But

But long before this catastrophe we shall behold from our clouds the Youth of other lands searching for the fragments of our works, and wondering at the mighty genius of past ages. How will your spirits rejoice when they see them eagerly climb the mutilated Entablature, tracing every inflection of moulding, every winding of the flowing *Rainceau*, and converting every accidental stroke of the chisel into beauty? Perhaps also you will laugh, if laughter is not overcome by pity, when you hear the Sages forming new systems of Orders, new doctrines of harmonic Proportion, and proving from innumerable contradictory circumstances, that the Architects of Great-Britain did nothing but by fixed and immutable laws *.

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A small work having lately made its appearance under the title of "Thoughts upon the Origin and Conduct of the Arts," wherein the Author, without either Taste or Judgment, attacks those great characters, who are most distinguished by, and consequently most deserving of the public favour. But as he

* It is impossible to praise these Gentlemen here so amply as they merit, but my omission is abundantly made up in the preface to their works, to which I must refer the admiring Reader.

he more particularly aims at the reputation of Mr. CIPRIANI, whose pictures I propose next to survey; it is my indispensible duty, in order to prevent the fatal effects necessarily flowing from erroneous principles, to avow, in this public manner, my intire disapprobation of such opinions. But as this may, perhaps, be insufficient, I will present my reader with a short quotation from that part which touches upon Historical Composition; and, after a reflection or two upon it, shall proceed to an examination of the pictures with which Mr. CIPRIANI has this season favoured the Exhibition.

"In the Arts that address the imagination, though their province be that of delighting us with Beauties which rest solely on the Fancy; yet their effect is imperfect, or at least unimportant, when our passions are not affected by the representations of scenes, or actions, that interest us as men. In the works of Fancy so much sound judgment and taste, and so much ingenuity is required, that we cannot wonder, though we must lament, when we see the Arts neglect the power they have over the heart, and aiming only to please by the inferior excellencies of skill, in form, hues, and arrangements. But when these beauties are employed in adding force to

subjects

ſubjects that awaken the paſſions, that raiſe in us the fire of emulation, or depreſs us with pity for the good and great; then does Genius in the Arts become truly admirable, and its productions not only amuſe us with ingenuity, but inſpire us with dignity of mind.

"Agreeable to this idea, in the ſimple ages of antiquity, the only ſubjects which found employment for the imitative powers, were the ſplendid achievements of the Brave, or the exemplary virtues of the Good. Their works being founded upon facts, became intereſting from their truth; and they kept alive in the ſpectator the virtues they repreſented; Age was rekindled at the recollection of ſcenes in which, perhaps, they had borne a part; and Youth felt the animating force of example, and were ſpurred on by a worthy ambition to ſignalize themſelves. Even in their works of fiction, ſuch reſpect was paid to this general principle, that in every little allegorical tale, was conveyed ſome important truth, ſome inſtructive leſſon, by which the heart or the underſtanding were benefited.

"How admirable is this example, and how worthy to be imitated in our native country, this land of

Liberty! A ſoil congenial to Patriots and Heroes. Where at the names of the great men ſhe has produced, each boſom is on fire, and glows with a flame no leſs pure, than that which warmed the ancient worthies of Rome and Lacedæmon.

"It is a melancholy ſight to look back upon the great painters, who ſucceeded the revival of the Arts, and ſee them almoſt continually buſied upon ſubjects, the moſt trivial and contemptible. Some we behold exhauſting a fine imagination on the laſcivious intrigues of a Venus; others on the labours of a Hercules, or the imaginary adventures of a Saint. In our own time, we have the mortification to ſee, among many others, an Artiſt formed for the moſt ſublime exertions greedily ſeizing at each opportunity upon ſome little unimportant ſubject, ſuch as a Fortune-teller, a Baſket-girl, or a Pick-pocket.

"Thus, by an unfortunate depravity of taſte, many men of genius, who might have improved mankind, ſeldom employ their talents but in the trifles of Art, which are diſplayed equally in repreſenting a Dog or an Horſe as a noble action, and fill up their lives in the frivolous imitation of Still-life."

I will not trouble my reader with any more of this idle work. There is no doubt but the abſurdity of his doctrine is ſufficiently obvious to every attentive obſerver. Yet, to ſilence at once this declaimer,—let him ſurvey the works of M. Angelo, and then declare that his heart or his underſtanding is benefited. Let him but view the performances of Mr. Cipriani, Mrs. Kauffman, and others in their line, and feel their divine force. Then let him go and tell the world of other mighty advantages, that might have been derived from the hiſtorical labours of a Reynolds, a Wright, a Dance, a Mortimer, or even a Samuel Wale, had they followed in their works the example he propoſes.

It is unneceſſary to produce ſtronger evidence to prove, that ſuch power exiſts only in the diſtempered fancy of this Critic. To admit his opinions would not only be the cauſe of ſending into eternal oblivion an endleſs crowd of Saints and Madonas, but would at once ſtrip from their brows the laurels ſo juſtly decreed, ſo fairly won, by the Great Cipriani, and many other immortal Artiſts.

While the pleaſurable ſenſations from Grace are under its influence, the Art cannot be called limited,

and that it hath power to pleaſe, to charm, to raviſh, every unviciated taſte may be convinced of in the following pictures by

Mr. G. B. Cipriani.

Apollo and the Muſes,
Flora and Zephirus,
An Otahetian funeral,
Cupid an Pſyche,
The war of the giants,
Acis and Galatea, and

Apollo and the Muſes.

No Painter ſince the days of Terah the ſtatuary, father of Abraham, excepting St. Luke, ever treated Metaphyſical and Theological ſubjects with more angelic ſweetneſs, more divinity of expreſſion, or juſtneſs of thought, than Sig. Cipriani. In the inſtance before me he hath been happy beyond his uſual happineſs.

But, in order to judge with correctneſs upon this elevated ſubject, it is proper the ſpectator ſhould ſubmit his ideas to an effectual purgation of every groſs terreſtrial taint; he ſhould be warmed with the

flaming

flaming ſtaff of Prometheus, until his mind is raiſed far above vulgar conception: then will the Pierian choir burſt upon his imagination in all their lovelineſs, and then only can he reliſh the beauties of this exquiſite performance.

An age leſs barbarous than the preſent, would not have ſcrupled to affirm, that ſome kind Muſe, whoſe works he had embelliſhed, or perſon flattered, had ſnatched him up into the regions of light, where, high on Parnaſſus fixing his Eaſel, he caught his radient ideas from the immortal Nymphs as they lightly tripped along, meaſuring the graceful minuet or ſprightly cottillion.

In vain were it to endeavour at a deſcription of the various excellencies of this piece, the aërial undulating attitude of Thalia, the graceful flow of Caliope; that ſerpentine ſwell which is obſervable in Clio, or the ſweetly winding form of Urania. In ſhort, like the waving ſurface of the waters, each figure as they flow, communicates to each her own harmonious movement. Melpomene alone, with characteriſtical propriety, is diſcovered as inſenſible to the feſtivity of her family, and is beautifully meditating deſtruction by bowl or dagger. Apollo is

ſeated

ſeated in the midſt with his harp. His whole figure is inconceivably fine, the air of his head is truly poetical, and expreſſing all the tenderneſs that ſuch a company would naturally inſpire, and he is known to feel.

I will forbear an anticipation of that delight, which muſt doubtleſs ariſe from a ſight of this picture, diſmiſſing it with this general remark,—That if it poſſeſſes any thing like a defect,—it is ſomewhat too grave.—I offer, however, my opinion with diffidence, as Mr. Cipriani is certainly leſs faulty in this particular than any other Artiſt.—But perfection is not the lot of man.

There appears the ſame beautiful uniformity in the deſign, colouring, and execution of the remaining five Pictures, and are ſo like the former, that it would be ſuperfluous to add any thing to what hath been ſaid; as in each particular piece is to be ſeen all that is admirable in the one already deſcribed, of courſe a further detail would be unneceſſary.

Mr. Cipriani hath alſo obliged the public with a great quantity of Drawings, intended for Compartments in Ceilings, &c. the greateſt part of which are ſmall hiſtorical ſketches, ſo ingeniouſly contrived

as

as to be adapted to any ſubject. The reſt conſiſt chiefly of Venus's and Cupid's, Apollo's, Daphne's, Diana's, Nymphs, Fawns, Satyrs, River Gods, Cardinal Virtues, Seaſons, and Elements; all of them ſhewing the Artiſt's ſtrict attention to the waving Line; but their beauties being ſo well known, and as there does not appear any novelty about them, I ſhall therefore, though with reluctance, take my leave of Mr. Cipriani.

## ANGELICA KAUFFMAN.

Cupid finding Venus aſleep, filleth an urn with warm water, and gently dippeth her hand therein.

Nothing can ſtronger mark the ſweetneſs of Mrs. Kauffman's mind than the choice of her ſubjects. Thus we find Venus and Cupid, Cupid and Venus, combined in every poſſible variation; Nymphs tickling Cupid, and Cupid tickling Nymphs. In her hiſtories—the enamoured *this*, and inflamed *that*, occur ſo frequently, that we feel ourſelves involuntarily warmed in her favour, and are the moſt convincing arguments of the gentleneſs of her heart.—To begin with the picture. Venus is extended upon a rock; her head is inclining forward, and her legs

very

very gracefully interſect each other. She is decently covered all over with thin white drapery, ſave her breaſts, and from her middle downwards. The young rogue is eagerly purſuing his joke, while a Satyr near, by the diſtortions of his countenance, ſeems greatly affected with the ſcene.

There is a ſingular delicacy in the principal figure; and the profile of her face at once mark the Grecian original, and the hand of the Artiſt. This peculiarity of Mrs. Angelica is undoubtedly a ſtriking example of her good taſte, as it not only heightens the feminine character, but diſcovers that her *contours* are not taken from vulgar nature; a particular which ſhe is ſcrupulouſly careful to avoid. Her drapery is diſpoſed with all that tranſparent modeſty for which this Artiſt is ſo deſervedly admired; and however dappled it might be with plaits and folds, it curiouſly preſerves the exact form of the part beneath.

In the libidinous expreſſion of the Satyr, ſhe hath been uncommonly fortunate, inaſmuch that I cannot avoid expreſſing my aſtoniſhment at ſuch extraordinary correctneſs flowing from the pencil of a Lady. But as her ſkill in anatomy hath been a matter of

equal

equal ſurprize, I ſhall therefore account for it in the ſame manner: That they are, with her, innate accompliſhments; confident that the uſual modes neceſſary to acquire a competent knowledge in that art, are utterly incompatible with the chaſtity of a female; particularly Mrs. Kauffman, a brilliant inſtance of whoſe extreme tenderneſs in theſe points, is her delicate diſguiſe of the inſignia virilia of the Dii termini in the poſſeſſion of his Grace the Duke of Northumberland.

From the whole of this picture, (and I do not draw my concluſions from this alone) Mrs. Kauffman hath diſcovered herſelf to be capable of diſplaying ſuch ſtrength of imagination, ſuch brilliancy, and force of colouring, accompanied with ſuch a correct and determined pencil, that I ſhall not heſitate to rank her next in merit to Mr. Cipriani—his equal, I acknowledge, ſhe is not from her aiming at times to affect the tender paſſions; but this muſt be aſcrib'd to the natural ſoftneſs of her ſex, which I ſhall leave for time and reflection to efface.

In order to ſet off theſe my favourite Painters, I ſhall introduce ſome others who have their admirers. As they are foils that add a luſtre to the great Men I

 have

have already praiſed, I will review them for the diverſion of the Public; and will attempt to do it according to the ideas, and in the language of thoſe antiquated Critics, who never change their principles of Taſte for thoſe of the reigning faſhion, and who ſpeak of nothing but the ſimplicity of the Antique, and grandeur of Thought.

Thoſe diſcerning men, who think juſtly as myſelf concerning the unſpeakable gentleneſs of our ingenious foreigners, cannot fail of being diverted by the contraſt. The good ſenſe (as ſuch Critics affect to call it) of theſe Paintings, makes but a ſorry figure, when compared with the airs and graces of thoſe others.

## Portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

It would be to no purpoſe (they would ſay) to give a particular Criticiſm upon each of theſe Pictures, not only becauſe the genius and management diſplayed in one portrait, is generally ſeen in all; but chiefly, becauſe this Gentleman's eminence does not ariſe from the mechanical part of Painting, nor conſiſt in ſingle excellencies.

It

It is too obvious to every one for us to point out and praiſe the exquiſite delicacy of his colouring; his knowledge of Light and Shadow; the variety of ideas with which he enriches the barren ſubject of Portrait Painting; or to remark that he communicates a ſort of grandeur even to the uſe of his pencil, which, by its boldneſs, and, where it is required, by its ruggedneſs, not only gives to a picture the fire of a ſketch, but ſhews us that it proceeds from a mind careleſs of the dreſs of its ideas, and ſolicitous only to convey them as they are conceived into the heart of the ſpectator, without hanging on the organ of ſight, or diverting us by an attention to trifling beauties

That which conſtitutes the true merit of Painters is originality; but it is not the originality of any ſingle circumſtance or accident in a Picture: It is originality in the conduct and uſe of all the branches, and the particular beauties which enter into a compoſition; the making them all ſubordinate to a certain idea, and tend to produce one general effect.

Particular beauties may be imitated by men of very indifferent parts. Such excellencies do not give, but receive their value from the work of a

maſter's hand. When they are produced by chance or mechanical ſkill, we hold them in little eſtimation; but when they are employed by Genius with propriety and judgment, the ſmalleſt trifle that is admitted into the work, is no longer inſignificant, but receives a dignity by its flowing from the ſource of intelligence.

When Artiſts, like this Gentleman, carry with them to their ſtudies a ſolidity of mind not to be diverted into a wrong ſearch, nor turned aſide by ſuperficial beauties, but which enables them clearly to diſcern the point they ought to aim at, the acuteneſs with which they obſerve the great works of former Maſters, and the ſound principles they draw from them, obliges us not only to admire their moſt reputed productions, but to ſuſpect that thoſe which appear unworthy of their name, have equal merit with the other, only leſs obvious.

This great Artiſt has collected beauties from all the different ſchools, and formed to himſelf an uniform ſtile, in which they are ſo blended, that they are wholly his own. By a ſuitableneſs to his ſubject, and by a prevailing character there is in every thing he touches, none of his predeceſſors can lay claim

to

to any of the materials which they may have afforded him. If former Painters could ſee their thoughts made uſe of by this Artiſt, they are generally ſo well appropriated, and ſo much improved, that they would have as little title to challenge them for their own, as the Ship-builder would have to the diſcoveries of Columbus.

In his Pictures we ſee the richneſs of colouring and the luxuriance of Rubens, without the exceſs of his manner, and without the tumult that ſo often fills his works. He imitates the brilliant hues, the truth and deciſive manner of Rembrant, but never admits any thing mean or diſguſting, and he frequently unites the elegance of the French ſtile with the chaſtity of the Roman.

He has, among the ſmall Critics and little Folks of the pencil, the character of an intolerable Plagiariſt. A Mr. Hone once attempted to ſatyrize him in a picture which I think he called the Magician; but he has ſufficiently atoned for the fault by putting his pieces year after year into the Exhibition.

When an Artiſt poſſeſſes ſuch eminence as this Gentleman, Critics muſt not attempt to reſtrict him

by

by every petty obſervation which they may have drawn from attention to other Paintings; but muſt form new opinions and other laws from the works which he produces.

## Mr. West.

### General Carleton ſoliciting the Indians of Canada to take up arms againſt the Americans, and The Death of Phocion, with Several Portraits.

We cannot but remark it as ſomewhat ſingular, that this ingenious Artiſt, ſo much favoured by his Majeſty, ſhould chuſe a ſubject which leads to thoughts his Majeſty would wiſh to have totally baniſhed from his own and his people's minds, and which muſt ſurely give him pain to ſee expoſed before them in every poſſible mode of opprobrium and diſapprobation.

Conſidering it only as a Painting, we ſhall obſerve upon the ideas which the Picture conveys to us. We ſee, or think we ſee, a contraſt between the two groups of Engliſhmen and Americans, very unfa-

vourable

vourable to the former. Imagination aſſiſts us ſo much in decyphering countenances and geſtures, that, if thoſe in this work were not exceedingly clear and determinate, we ſhould imagine that it was rather our fancy than the Artiſt's intention to diſhonour a group of Britons, becauſe of their obedience to the will of his Royal Patron.

On the Indians being ſolicited to break their alliance with their friends, they evade the requeſt by ſaying, that the Tomohawk was buried in the earth. The Governor urges them to dig it up. "The handle is rotten, ſay they, and we cannot hold it." This is the point of time in the Picture.

We are ſorry to ſee the old fellow-ſoldier of Wolfe in a ſituation ſo little reſpectable as every one in this group appears to be. The oppoſition of the ſavage to the civilized ſtate of mankind, is in this Picture very much in favour of Rouſſeau's opinions.

Theſe on the one hand of the Picture ſeem to be men of gaiety, ſpirit, and of poliſhed manners, but unprincipled, hunting after diſhonourable preferment, under the name and colour of honour; reſembling the little wheels of a machine, they perform their

operations

operations without exerting any judgment of their own.

The Indians, on the other hand, are rude, ignorant, and of unſightly appearance and addreſs. The habits of their lives are ſimple, and their minds confined within very narrow limits. From their ignorance they are liable to be duped by men of infinitely meaner minds than their own: But they are conſtantly actuated by thoſe paſſions which have the deepeſt root in our nature, and which have rendered the admired heroes of Antiquity illuſtrious. In cultivated ſociety the neceſſary ſubordinations check the enthuſiaſm of the individual, and Regulation ſupplies the place of Paſſion: Among the inhabitants of the woods, every one comprehends the whole circle of their attainments and their knowledge, and each man is in himſelf an Hero, and in what does the fire of his Ambition differ from that of Alexander the Great, or that of an Engliſh Officer of the Guards?

The Painter has given to this piece the ſame excellencies that he has ſhewn in other Pictures of ſimilar ſubjects. He has a fortunate manner of taking from modern dreſſes the meanneſs which fa-

miliarity

miliarity gives, and in this piece they pleaſe by the contraſt to the more fanciful habits of the Indians.

## The Death of Phocion.

It muſt give pleaſure to every man of ſenſe to ſee Painting in the hands of an Artiſt who makes it intereſting to us from the choice of his ſubjects. It is not a little mortifying to ſee the treaſures of the Art laviſhly ſquandered upon troops of Madona's and children, Venus's and Cupid's, and Holy Families.

Both this and the former Picture has a ſolemnity, which this gentleman has ſo often given by the breadth of his Light and Shadow.

As this excellence Mr. Weſt has ſhewn in many large ſubjects, to which it is beſt adapted; and as we pay a compliment to his underſtanding by ſaying, that his beſt Pictures are thoſe where ſome great ſcene is repreſented, like that of Regulus or the Death of Wolfe, we may be permitted to obſerve, that he ſucceeds beſt in compoſitions of many figures. We are ſorry to ſee ſo many Portraits under his name in this Exhibition, as the unpleaſantneſs of his pen-

cil does not agree with Portrait-painting, the chief merit of which is elegance, and it requires all the leſſer beauties of the art to raiſe it into notice.

In this manner would ſome Critics go on in a ſtrain of old-faſhioned principles; but it is ſufficient to render them of no effect to obſerve, that ſuch Criticiſm is entirely inconſiſtent with the Italian and French Graces, which at this time are held in univerſal eſteem by people of taſte. This ſpecimen will ſerve to divert the admirers of thoſe great Artiſts, who have raviſhed our old Men, Matrons, and Maidens with graceful attitudes, and melted their hearts by their languiſhing airs; and who have ſtamped upon the general brain of England the Dorian noſe, (the only line that never waves with them) the ſpeechleſs eye, and upturned ſlanting head, that never tell the ſecrets of the ſoul, with all the nameleſs, gentleſt, prettieſt forms of things.

Sir

## Sir William Chambers.

An Elevation of the new Offices in the Strand.

An Elevation of the Front towards the Court, of the ſame.

Sir William Chambers is an Architect of inferior merit, when compared with the Adams. His Genius is not original. Like them, he aims at greatneſs of ſtyle, but by different means, and is conſequently leſs ſucceſsful. They are nobly negligent of the conſtituent parts, and truſt for the effect to the Movement * and Magnitude of the whole. They deſpiſe the Grandeur which is derived from Columns, and diſdain the ſhackles of Proportion. But Sir William treads the beaten path of the old Italian Maſters. In regular Architecture he ſeldom deviates far from the Canons which he has ſo well il-

 luſtrated,

* For the meaning of the term *Movement*, the reader is deſired to conſult, not the works, but the preface of Meſſ. Adams work, in which place it holds a firſt rank among their numerous excellencies.

luſtrated, and it is but candour to try him only by the laws he profeſſes to follow *.

Architecture, generally ſpeaking, has only two expreſſions, Magnificence and Beauty. Its Beauty is the reſult of an artful combination of many parts which are themſelves eſteemed Beautiful, becauſe experience has proved that they are properly formed to anſwer the end required; and of Ornaments, which, by contraſting with Plainneſs, give alternate action and repoſe to the eye. Beauty is perfect, when parts, well formed and proportioned in themſelves, are ſo combined and proportioned to each other and to the ſize of the Building, that thoſe parts which are apparently moſt neceſſary ſhall firſt attract notice; and the reſt, preſerving a proper ſubordination, all together form an harmonious Whole. Magnificence is perfect, when to ſuperior Magnitude (without which it does not exiſt) the ornament of Beauty is added. It then not only diſplays the power and wealth of the owner, but alſo his taſte, and the Architect's Genius. Though Magnificence is Beauty on a larger Scale, Beauty is not always Magnificence on

* Mr. Shanhagan is now ſuppoſed to conform himſelf to the common prejudices; and to ſpeak the uſual language of writers on Architecture.

on a ſmaller. In large Buildings, when the majeſtic character, inſeparable from the former, is unſuitable to the deſtination, that relative proportion of parts to the whole, which, in ſmall ones is neceſſary to produce Beauty, and in large ones perfect Magnificence; that relative Proportion is diſpenſed with, and another adopted to gain a character of more gaiety. This has uſually been called Beauty, but properly it is neither Beauty nor Magnificence, and it has more of the latter than the former. It is true that, by diminiſhing the ſize, and increaſing the number of parts, ſolemnity of character is conſiderably diminiſhed; but if the Building be deprived of adventitious incitives to gaiety, the effect of the whole will be moſt powerful, and Magnificence the prevailing Expreſſion *.

In the foregoing obſervations the word *parts* includes the ſolid parts which compoſe a building, and alſo the Apertures. The Columns, Pilaſters, and Entablatures; the Entrances and Windows ſhould all increaſe their dimenſions with the Building. In a large Front, a low and contracted Entrance is mean.

* Theſe Hints are intended to be applied only to exterior Architecture, and the inſides of large Buildings, as churches and places of public entertainment.

mean. If the Windows are many and ſmall, we are offended with the littleneſs of the Apartments when compared with the height and extent of the Front. The expectations raiſed by the promiſe of the Exterior are diſappointed. We look for a Palace and find only a magnificent Granary.

The ſolid parts are well proportioned, when they are neither too ſtrong nor too weak, neither too heavy nor too light. Without paying much attention to the different characteriſtics of the Orders which have no foundation in reaſon, and which reaſon can furniſh no arguments to ſupport, we may ſay that Columns are well proportioned, when they do not appear too ſlender to ſuſtain the incumbent weight, nor yet ſtronger than is apparently neceſſary. Entablatures, Baluſtrades, and Attics are well proportioned, when they neither ſeem to overload the Columns, nor to be of leſs weight than the Columns are able to bear. The weight of theſe parts may be increaſed to the extreme, and Grandeur will be proportionally increaſed. The dignity of Columns is proportioned to their apparent conſequence. When they are raiſed only to ſupport a flimſy Entablature, as we ſee in the works of ſome Architects of great celebrity, their Dignity is diminiſhed in our

eyes,

eyes, and they offend us with the abſurdity of power miſapplied.

Againſt the principles which theſe remarks would inſinuate, I ſee many tranſgreſſions in the Drawings before me. As a national work, the proper character of the Building they repreſent is Magnificence, but as it is intended for Buſineſs, that Magnificence ſhould not be oſtentatious. The Front ſhould have all the Grandeur which is gained by a combination of large parts, without the Decorations we expect in a Palace. When we look on the Front to the Strand, we are apt to believe this was the Architect's original idea, and that he afterwards altered it in conformity to ſome opinions not his own. He ſeems to have heſitated between Plainneſs and Splendour; between a bold and unadorned ſtyle and one that was crouded with Embelliſhments. But this notion is contradicted the moment we behold the Front towards the Court, where the Ornaments are laviſhed with ſuch profuſion that the eye is kept in perpetual uneaſy motion.

The moſt ſtriking defects of the Front towards the Strand is the extravagant height of the Baſement. A Baſement is no more than the Pedeſtal of the Building,

Building, and ſhould therefore be kept as inconſiderable as poſſible. This Artiſt, by making it ſo high, has given it a conſequence which does not belong to it, and it engroſſes too much of the Attention which ought to be directed to the Order, as the principal part of the Structure. Of this impropriety we are made more ſenſible by being obliged to view the Building from a ſituation ſo confined. Sir William, in his Treatiſe on Civil Architecture, has given inſtances from Paladio to authoriſe Baſements of every dimenſion; but notwithſtanding ſuch authority, we may venture to pronounce them defects, whenever the neceſſity of employing them is not evident, and whenever their height places them in the ſmalleſt degree of competition with the Order above.

But if he is blameable for diminiſhing the Grandeur reſulting from the Magnitude of the Columns, he is ſtill more blameable for depriving them of that which ariſes from apparent uſefulneſs, by raiſing them only to ſupport the Decorations of a fanciful Attic. If the Grandeur of a ſingle Column is proportioned to the weight it appears to ſuſtain, the Grandeur of a number is proportioned to the weight they appear to ſuſtain in conjunction. There are no inſtances where Grandeur is ſo perfect, as when the

Columns

Columns rising singly from a low Basement, mutually exert their strength in supporting a Pediment. A Pediment is the boldest feature of Architecture. It is a great and uniform figure, and adds to Greatness the Dignity of Usefulness, by appearing as the Roof of the Building. Wherever it is employed with propriety, it gives such Grandeur, as no Ornaments, however excellent and numerous, can produce. An Attic is composed of many parts which never unite into a whole. The Columns which support it seem not to require or need the assistance of each other. Each supports its part, and we can suppose that part and the supporting Column may be taken away without apprehending the ruin of the Fabric. These are the defects of all Attics, and here they are increased by ornaments equally ostentatious, uncharacteristic, and useless.

This Attic, and its Embellishments, no doubt were intended to mark the Centre, which, in all extensive fronts, should be strongly distinguished; but it is insufficient for this purpose, while the Lines of the Entablature and Basement continue unbroken, and the Arches and Windows preserve the same tedious uniformity of decoration. We regret that the Architect should give so little attention to such a

Beauty in a Public Building. Half the expence which is thrown away on the Attic would have brought forward the Baſement, diſengaged the central Columns from the wall, and crowned them with a ſimple and magnificent Pediment.

The other faults of this Front I ſhall not enlarge upon. It will be ſufficient only to mention the talneſs of the Arches, the heavy inelegant decorations of the Windows, both in the Baſement and principal Stories, and the abſurdity of decorating them all in the ſame manner. The little agreement between the firmneſs of the ruſtic Baſement and the Corinthian Order, between the gaudy Corinthian Capitals and the plain bold Roman Entablature, and between that Entablature and the Flutter of the Attic.

## The Front towards the Court.

This Elevation forms three ſides of a Quadrangle, and is drawn in perſpective, that the returning ſides may be ſeen. The height of the Baſement is the ſame as in the other Front, but in this (a floor being inſerted between the ground floor and the principal) there are two ranges of windows which deſtroys the Magnificence produced by an apparent relation

lation between the ſize of the Apartments and the Exterior. I mean not to blame this ſacrifice of Magnificence to Utility, but the impropriety of making an unavoidable defect more conſpicuous than neceſſity obliged. By injudiciouſly putting Dreſſings about the lower Windows, the upper ones are ſo crouded, and the apartments they light made to appear ſo ſmall, that no eye can look on them without diſpleaſure. Two ranges of plain Windows would have been but little noticed, and paſſed over without cenſure.

Above the Baſement, the long ſide of the Quadrangle is the moſt beautiful part of the Building, though the Order conſiſts only of Pilaſters. The Centre is better diſtinguiſhed, the decorations of the windows more elegant than in the front towards the Strand, and there is a plainneſs and repoſe about it that gives more pleaſure than the riches and buſtle which we find every where elſe. A repetition of the ſame form, in things of the ſame kind, is generally pleaſing; but if carried to the extreme, it becomes inſipid and tedious. In exterior Architecture this beauty is never ſo ſtriking, as when it is judiciouſly interrupted by variety in the Centre. The eye has then ſomething to reſt on as principal, and, when it ob-

ſerves an uniformity of decoration on each ſide, receives conſiderable pleaſure from the appearance of Deſign and Contrivance. This part of the Quadrangle is the only one where the eye can reſt for a moment. In every other place it is fatigued and diſtracted by multiplicity of Ornament. This undoubtedly is the effect of Deſign in the Artiſt; but it is extraordinary that he ſhould diſtinguiſh the place, to which the eye is unavoidably directed, by a ſimplicity which, when compared with the riches of the reſt, may juſtly be called Poverty.

It is painful to be thus long ſeriouſly enumerating faults in the Work of an Artiſt, who, for practical judgment and boldneſs of manner, may claim perhaps more praiſe than the moſt celebrated Italian Maſters and their Imitators. We cannot but regret that he did not ſtudy the Ancients more, and the modern Italians leſs. A greater attention to the ſimplicity of the former would have taught him to deſpiſe that profuſion of Uſeleſs Ornament, which the latter either invented or adopted. The intention of Ornament is only to relieve the plainneſs of Walls, and the dull uniformity of Architectonic forms by the addition of riches and variety, and therefore ſhould never be principal. In the works of the Italians

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in general, Ornament does not relieve and entertain the eye, but entirely engroſſes its attention. In this exaggerated and oſtentatious ſtyle Sir William Chambers has been too cloſely their imitator. This ſtyle, however, by its boldneſs and firmneſs, makes the puerile affectation of delicacy in moſt of the Moderns contemptible. Though this building may be ſeldom mentioned as an example of the good Taſte of the Age, it will long remain a monument of the opulence of the Britiſh nation.

## Mr. Copley.

### Portraits of a Family.

It is pleaſant to obſerve how Nature ſports to the eye of Painters, as if ſhe was deſirous of diverſifying their labours. She varies to the ſight like the colours of the Peacock, which reflects different hues to every eye that beholds it. She ſhews herſelf in ſummer lovelineſs to a Reynolds; and in mellow tints, and, like decaying ripeneſs, ſhe diſplays her charms to a Peters. Sometimes, like an airy phantom, ſhe ſhews her imperfect features to a Gainſborough, while ſhe ſtares with boldneſs to a Copley, glooms to a Barry, and ſmiles and wantons to a Kauffman. Thus the friſky Dame coquets with all her ſuiters.

It

It is curious to ſee Artiſts of equal imitative powers producing, from the ſame original, copies ſo remarkably unlike each other, ſuch as we ſee in the Pictures of Copley and Gainſborough. In the one, every thing is ſo diſtinct that the Painting may deceive us; in the other, ſcarce formed, yet elegant, ideas amuſe the Fancy.

Mr. Copley has been called, and not improperly, a Hercules in Painting, alluding to his contempt of the evaſive practices of other Artiſts, who, to cover their deficiencies and errors, make uſe of an endleſs number of artifices, with their gums and varniſhes, under the ſanction of that modern invention Chiaro Oſcura.

On the ſight of this bold, diſtinct, and finely-coloured piece of Painting, how flat and inſipid do the Pictures of the Preſident appear. There is no ſcumbling of varniſh and wax; no mark of the aſphaltum bruſh, or plaſter-trowel; no dead coloured draperies, no half-finiſhed extremities; but each object ſeparately compleat, and capable of itſelf of forming a perfect picture. To ſtoop to ſuch diſingenuous tricks

would

would be injurious to his work, and concealing his abilities.

Sir Joſhua Reynolds is ſaid to have united more excellencies in his Portraits than any other Painter of that claſs; but this, I will affirm, can only be underſtood of the Artiſts who have precedeed him, for Mr. Copley has, even in an eminent degree, the ſeveral merits of the Face, the Drapery, the Marble, and Still-life Painters. He diſcovers a profound knowledge of the different mechanical profeſſions, ſuch as the Cabinet-maker, the Maſon, Upholſterer, Silver-ſmith, and Shoe-maker: He is alſo acquainted with the buſineſs of Toy-makers and Milliners, for who but them could have invented and decorated that uſeful and ornamental play-thing, with which the child upon the floor ſeems to divert itſelf? Who but a Maſon could ſo nicely diſcriminate the various ſorts of marble which diverſify this Picture. Pinchbeck and braſs, green-baize and Mancheſter-cotton, burgundy and table-beer, have each their proper character. In a word, Mr. Copley ſhews that the qualifications of a Painter ſhould be as numerous as thoſe which Vitruvius declares neceſſary to an Architect.

As

As it is my intention to point out worthy objects of imitation, I hope, from the example of this Cyclopedia of Painting, to ſee a ſpirit of induſtry ſpring up among our young men, and that they will extend their views beyond the inſipid repreſentation of a ſingle Portrait. Why ſhould a Painter be more limited in his endowments than an Architect? Divinity, for inſtance, would inform him of the different habits of its Profeſſors; a knowledge of the Law would not only make him acquainted with the abſtruſe ſcience of Wigs, but it would teach him the legal object of imitation, that he might avoid foreign and prohibited manufacture, and thereby his performances would be rendered ſecure againſt the Cuſtom-houſe Officers: Phyſic would teach him when his body was in a proper habit for his buſineſs: Muſic would make known to him the harmony of colours, and Poetry ſupply the place of an imagination: But what is yet more neceſſary, is a moſt intimate acquaintance with the Mathematics, without the aſſiſtance of which, the public would not at this day have had the pleaſure of ſeeing Thalia at the ſide of Covent-Garden Theatre, which is evidently conſtructed upon geometrical principles, from her ſupporting herſelf ſo long upon a ſingle toe.

This

This knowledge, properly digeſted, will, I doubt not, add more real luſtre to Portrait-painting than the works of fifty Preſidents and Profeſſors.

Before I go on with the examination of another, it is neceſſary to obſerve that, in titling the laſt Picture, it will be more proper to term it a Gentleman's Family and Furniture.

## Mr. Gainsborough.

Portrait of the Ducheſs of ———,
Portrait of Lady ———,
Portrait of Mrs. ———.

This Gentleman, in all his works, pleaſes by his vivacity, genteelneſs, and ingenuity. He totally neglects all the mechanical arts of Painting, and never attempts, by nicety and ſmoothneſs, to make his works be miſtaken for the identical perſonages they repreſent. His pieces are maſterly and well-choſen imitations of Nature; but we never miſtake his Paintings for real fleſh and blood, and never find more upon his canvas than ideas.

As uniformity of ſtyle, and a ſuitableneſs of manner to matter, are the real marks of Genius, this agreeable Artiſt will hold a very conſiderable rank, as he merits no ſmall degree of praiſe on both theſe accounts.

I have heard a country Critic obſerve, that he never ſaw any painting of Angels which properly repreſented thoſe Beings, nor equalled what himſelf had imagined of them; even thoſe of the great Maſters had, to him, too much of the groſs, earthy, and human about them. Had this Critic ſeen the Divinities of St. James, as painted by Mr. Gainſborough, there is no doubt but he would have thought them ſufficiently ethereal; for each particular in this Gentleman's work tends uniformly to impreſs the character of Ideal and Unſubſtantial.

Every thing ſtrongly marked, and, as the Painters term it, accurately made out, whether it be by preciſely diſtinguiſhing the tones of Shadow and Light, which cauſe the parts of a Picture to jut abruptly before each other; or by imitating the peculiarities of an object, which give an identity or perſonality, without adding to the general air; or whether it be by a bold and determined outline, every thing, in ſhort, that

that chains the eye to the canvas, and prevents the imagination from ranging and deceiving itſelf by what it adds of its own; however theſe excellencies might be accounted elſewhere, they are incompatible with the prevailing character of Mr. Gainſborough's painting, and it is with propriety he has rejected them.

In his works the Light and Shadow is agreeably managed, and each part has a proper relief; but an unpractiſed eye cannot diſcern how it is produced. It perceives parts decline into Shadow, and others riſe into Light; but it is difficult for any but an Artiſt to diſcern the gradation of the tones. All is ſoft, yet forcible. There is no diſtinct, continued flatneſs on which the eye is compelled to reſt; but it is kept in conſtant motion.

Neither is there a too minute imitation in his works, nor any heavy marking of the features, nor yet a firmneſs and preciſion in the outlines. Every thing is general; our imagination is amuſed, and receives nothing but the ideas of the Painter.

Even his Colouring, which at firſt view may ſeem to contradict the general character, by his indulging

in the moſt attracting hues, add, notwithſtanding, to the uniformity of the whole, when we obſerve that they are too crude and unmixed to make us imagine that we ſee real objects. His Ultramarine and Lake are ſcumbled every where ſo obviouſly, that it is evident the Artiſt intends only to give an idea of Nature in his colouring; the ſtrong oppoſition of tints is not calculated for deception, but without which Painting could but coldly imitate that richneſs and tranſparency which Nature has given to the female face.

But this gaiety of colouring has a further uſe. It is intended to characteriſe the ſweet ſubjects of Mr. Gainſborough's pencil.

The ſelection of modiſh ideas, which this Artiſt ſhews in his works, muſt be admitted as no ſmall proof of his genius, for they are admirably ſuited to thoſe lovely creatures of faſhion that alike adorn the court and the canvas. They have ſo little about them that looks like common Nature, that ſurely they are another race of Beings. Their form, their colour is not human; their air, their dreſs, their language, their ideas certainly are never derived from this groſs earth; and did we not know that they eat, ſleep, and would

couch

couch with men in the fair face of heaven, we could never think them mortal. Nature makes them on an April morn, and ſends them to the world in all its ſplendor, ſmiling and promiſing bliſs; but ſhe makes them for a Mahometan world, without ſoul, and a Chriſtian world is cheated with their beauty. Heaven ordains them to outlaſt a few Birth-nights; in which little ſpace they become Ducheſs or Lady, intrigue, are divorced, wed again, or live at large, and, like the air, become "charter'd Libertines," and afterwards remain in the world the Ghoſts of themſelves, and are only known by what they once were.

Theſe are the ſubjects of Mr. Gainſborough's art, and ſo well has he characteriſed them, that there are not two purpoſes which they can ſerve better in life than on his canvas. Like them, his Pictures are the beauties of a day; and, as ſuch, they muſt fall as new graces of faſhion and new modes of beauty ariſe. This the Painter has foreſeen, and thence has formed his unlaborious, ideal ſtile. Pity it is that ſo much ingenuity ſhould ever loſe its value! but ſo paſſes the glory of the world!

Sir

## Sir William Chambers.

The Temple of Arethusa,
The Temple of Hercules,
The Temple of Bellona,
The Temple of Ariadne,
The Temple of Jupiter and Europa.

I was too powerfully attracted by the Works of Copley and Gainsborough to notice these Drawings before; but, after recreating my imagination with the variety of the first, and holding dalliance awhile with the angelic creatures pourtrayed by the other, I feel myself disposed to saunter in Gardens, and peep into the habitations of Nymphs, Heroes, and Gods.

The titles of these Buildings declare that they are intended to embellish some Garden; for these are the principal ornaments which Architecture has been accustomed to add to the scenery of Nature. To pile a few stones according to the rules of his Art, and to name them a Temple, is the boldest flight of an Architect's imagination. He consults neither the Genius of the Scene, nor the Divinity he would seem

to

to honour. It is ſufficient that he gives you a Portico with a Pediment, or a Dome, your own imaginations muſt connect it with the ſurrounding object; and happy are you if your elegant enjoyment of Nature is not injured by the groſſeſt incongruity.

In this collection of Temples, I ſee not one dedicated to an ideal Being, with which any ſcene in Britain can be connected by the moſt extravagant Fancy. Was it in a Britiſh Valley that the chaſte Arethuſa mingled her waters with thoſe of Alpheus? Was it hither that Jupiter brought the aſtoniſhed and terrified Europa? Or was it here that Bacchus left the diſconſolate Ariadne? How were Britiſh groves benefited by the labours of Hercules? Or can the Silence and Serenity of rural retirement be a proper place for the dwelling of Bellona? Yet theſe have as much relation to our gardens as to the buildings they are compelled to inhabit. The form and ornaments of every Structure is ſo much like the reſt, that if Hercules and Arethuſa were to ramble in the dark, they might change habitations, and remain for ages ignorant of their miſtake.

Admiration of the Ancients, and gratitude for the benefits received from them, have been carried to ſuch

a length, that, in every thing ornamental, they take place of Nature and Propriety. Allusions to their History, Customs, and Religion are blended with every thing done in modern times, and Artists have so closely connected excellence in Arts with the objects which taught them to conceive that excellence, that they more frequently work with the Ideas, than the Spirit of Antiquity, in which they are not remarkable for distinguishing the Valuable from the Worthless. The private Apartments of the Great are as much crouded with representations of ridiculous and lascivious stories, which nothing but the beauty of the Greek and Latin languages could recommend to notice, as their Gardens with Statues and Temples to Heathen Divinities.

This prevalence of prejudices in favour of every thing that has relation to the customs and manners of Greece and Rome, would make these allusions in our Gardens as beautiful as they are meant to be, if they did not contradict the impressions which they ought to strengthen. But, unluckily, if they do not offend by manifest incongruity, as in the Temples here exhibited, the characters of the Deities most proper, are so much confused by various attributes and stories, that either no distinct ideas are raised by al-

luding

luding to them, or ſuch as it ſhould not be the intention of Ornament to raiſe. The Temple of Venus ſeems not to be improper in a Garden, for ſhe is the Goddeſs of Love, and rural ſcenes are moſt agreeable to the tenderneſs of that paſſion. The Fane of Bacchus may be allowed to be judiciouſly placed in the midſt of the Vines he is ſuppoſed to protect: But it ſhould be remembered that Venus is the Goddeſs of the moſt licentious Love, as well as that which is delicate and tender; and that if Bacchus be the Protector of the Vine, he is alſo the God of Drunkenneſs. Mankind are moſt affected by what touches their ſtrongeſt paſſions. The licentious part of theſe characters are by much the moſt ſtrongly impreſſed on the minds of moſt men, and their ideas much ſooner recalled than any other. This deſtroys the propriety of their Temples; for it cannot be the intention of Ornament to recommend Vice, in places of elegant recreation, where Virtue and Happineſs are ſuppoſed to inhabit. It is time, therefore, that Taſte ſhould ſtrip theſe Shrines of their Ornaments, and baniſh their inhabitants to the plains from whence they came. After ſo long holding the reaſon of mankind in chains, are they to fetter our Taſte for ever? Or if it be your deſign, ye Artiſts, to puniſh them for their former Uſurpa-

 tions,

tions, have mercy upon them now for your own ſakes, and ſuffer them to repoſe. Be no longer enſlaved by your prejudices in favour of the Ancients. Conſider that the works which you copy were original in them, and that they had not only the merit of invention, but of doing honour to their Great Men, and their Religion. Admire their excellencies, and imitate them; but ſeek out ſubjects for yourſelves. Your own country can furniſh you with Heroes great as theirs, and your own imaginations with Divinities more acceptable to your climate, and more beloved by your native Shades. To theſe, ye Architects, erect your Temples, and make theſe, ye Wealthy, the ideal protectors of your elegant pleaſures.

It ought to be the aim of every Architect to make his Ornamental Buildings identify the prevailing Expreſſion of the Scene; or to lead the Mind into a train of Ideas congenial to the Senſations raiſed by the ſurrounding objects; but the materials he works with having no relation to our Affections and Paſſions, all the Taſte which he can diſplay in forming and combining them, will only pleaſe by the contraſt of Art to Nature, if he gives them no name or character borrowed from Prejudice or imaginary Relation. His Temples muſt be dedicated to ſome Being, whom

whom Fancy can eaſily ſuppoſe to inhabit the places where he builds them, or to ſuch Virtues and elegant Paſſions as are cultivated and indulged in Retirement. He need not confine himſelf to any ſtyle of Architecture, but let him imitate thoſe only that are, or have been, prevalent in his own country. The Taſte which directs his choice of character, muſt guide him in thoſe buildings which are in no regular manner; but, in others, he ſhould conform to the general precepts of his Art, ſtill varying the forms and ornaments of the Structure, and adapting it, as far as may be, to the character he has choſen. That the Building appear the proper habitation of the ideal Being, is as neceſſary to be ſtudied, as that the ideal Being is the proper inhabitant of the Country.

This department of Architecture requires more imagination than any other. The Architect muſt now quit the plain mechanical path, where Utility was his object, to make excurſions into the world of Ideas, and aim to delight the Fancy. He is not now to diſplay his Taſte in decorating an uſeful Building, but to form one that ſhall pleaſe from its ideal uſefulneſs or propriety. He muſt commune with the ſpirit of the Hill. He muſt liſten to the complaint of the Naiad, and the whiſpers of the patroneſſes of

Plains and Woods. He muſt attend to the legendary Tales of the Country, and catch the ſuperſtitions floating round him. If to theſe his Structures are happily adapted, they will aſſimilate with the Scene, and Taſte will approve them for ever.

The Expreſſions of Nature are very various, but not always diſtinct. In ſome places the Genius of the Scene will plainly call for the proper embelliſhment; in others, his temper muſt be ſtudied, and he muſt even be courted to accept your Ornament. Wherever the Features are ſtrongly marked, propriety is eaſily diſcovered, and incongruity moſt ſenſibly felt. On a gentle Eminence, covered with venerable Oak, whoſe ſhadow darkens a ſilent Stream, an alluſion to any heathen Divinity would diſturb the ſtill ſolemnity of Nature; while the Fane of Solitude, or a Gothic Chapel, or the ruins of a Monaſtery, would increaſe it by harmonizing our Ideas with the ſurrounding Gloom. Where the Expreſſion is leſs diſtinct, and more the effect of embelliſhment, let Temples be raiſed to Concord, Friendſhip, and rural Happineſs. On the Banks of the Rivulet, the Naiad ſhould be honoured, and in the thickeſt ſhade let a Building be inſcribed

"To

"To the Power
"Of this fair wood, *assigned by sovereign Jove*,
"To nurse the saplins tall, and curl the grove
"With ringlets quaint."——

And if there be any place which rustic Superstition believes the abode of some Fairy, or of which Tradition tells a Tale of Spectres, let a fit dwelling receive the wandering Spirits, for they are natives of the soil. If within the limits of thy Garden History fixes the scene of some remarkable Event, seize the opportunity of paying respect to the worthy Men of thy Country. If there be one spot that breathes a purer melancholy, there place the memorials of the Friends whose loss you regret, and mark it with the tenderness of recollected love.

But still the Effect will disappoint the Architect's expectation, if the Beholder is obliged to hesitate a moment before he can discover his meaning. Few emblematical Ornaments are sufficiently expressive to be instantly known, or even not to be mistaken; and every delay or mistake disorders the ideas already received from the scene. The title of the structure should always be conspicuous on the front, with such an inscription as may best inform and influence the imagination.

imagination. The uſefulneſs of theſe is remarkably evident in the Prints from the Landſkips of Mr. Wilſon. To pleaſe as Landſkips, the prints want no ſuch aſſiſtance; but how much is their value increaſed, when we read the title of Cicero at his villa, and are informed of the converſation of his friends. The beauty of every ſingle object and of the whole is appropriated, and receives dignity from their characters; while we are carried into Claſſic times, and participate the friendſhips and elegant recreations of a man univerſally admired. Such like advantages might Ornamental Architecture receive from Inſcriptions ſelected from the beſt Engliſh Poets. The ſoul of Poetry would give Expreſſion to her uninformed features, and teach her to affect the imagination, when all other means are ineffectual. This is too obvious not to be known; but by the partiality to the Greek and Roman languages, the pleaſure is denied to all but a few. I have heard of no inſtance where the effect of an Engliſh inſcription is ſo happy as on a ſmall Building to the memory of Mr. Gray. The little fabric has all the ſimplicity which can be required from Art, and on a tablet is preſerved that beautiful ſtanza, which the Poet thought proper to omit in his Elegy.

Here,

Here, ſcattered oft the earlieſt of the year
By Hands unſeen, are ſhowers of Woodbine found,
The Redbreaſt loves to build and warble here,
And little footſteps lightly print the Ground.

## Mr. Bacon.

### The Statue of Mercury, and A reclining Water-Nymph.

This Artiſt merits the reputation he poſſeſſes; but as it is more neceſſary to prevent falſe Beauties from being admired, than to praiſe him for thoſe real ones that every one allows him, we ſhall juſt hint where he ſometimes deviates from true Excellence.

It is required that the Sculptor more particularly than the Painter ſhould follow the antique beauty. The veneration we pay to Antiquity, without the conſideration of intrinſic excellence, is ſufficient to preſcribe to us in ſo undefineable a matter as mere form, where the beauty is not derived from obvious utility or character. Painting has ſeveral means of claiming our attention, but when Sculpture neglects that choice of Nature and chaſtity of outlines, which are ſeen in the ancient Statues, it muſt have a very high degree of intellectual grandeur to make it at all valuable.

luable. This is a fault we ſometimes find in Mr. Bacon's work. He neglects in his forms the ideal beauty of the Antique, and puts up with Nature as he finds it in any common model.

But he has yet a greater fault. We ſee in his pieces an animation often urged too far. Spirit and Energy, when not judiciouſly directed, are dangerous, and degenerate into Bombaſt. Neither does he ſufficiently avoid the modern affectation.

## Mr. De Loutherbourgh.

### A Landſcape and Figures.

Mr. Loutherbourgh, in this Picture, appears in all his wonted luxuriance, various, animated, and forcible; we are charmed with his fancy, which is pregnant with ſmart conceits, ſo active in his Pencil, ſo abrupt in Colouring, and ſo contraſted in his Outlines, that he never affords a place of reſt to our imaginations, fatigued with purſuing him through the mazes of his Invention.

This Landſcape is executed with that gaiety, for which this Artiſt is ſo much admired. The Com-

poſition

position is somewhat diffuse, but the Drawing is informed, the Colouring tender and concordant. The Character of each object is marked with boldness and precision, and whatever rules might have been given by Critics for aërial Perspective and the harmony of Colours, Mr. Loutherbourgh escapes their fetters, by a profusion of blue in the first, and, in the latter, the same useful tint proves an infallible peace-maker between the most discordant colours.

I must not omit to mention the wonderful dexterity of his Pencil, which, with such certainty, executes the various subjects it is employed upon. Artists of less skill would, perhaps, only discover the nimbleness of the Pencil upon those prominencies which should most obtrude themselves upon the eye.—Mr. Loutherbourgh is always active, and always striking, and will finish a Dunghill with the minuteness of Sacharissa's robe.

As a Theatrical Painter, this vivacity is admirably well suited to transient Exhibitions; the understanding in these performances has not time to recover the dominion usurped by the Fancy upon their first appearance. It must be acknowledged that the stage tricks were never played off with such success,

 before

before Mr. Loutherbourgh presided in that department. Under his direction we have seen fiery chariots, clouds, and burning gulphs, which have made the hairs of the spectator stand on end; and every other deception has been practised with equal good fortune. By mentioning these particulars, I do not mean to reflect either on the Artist or Managers; the first acts only in obedience to the latter, and the latter are not the leaders but the followers of a corrupted Taste, and who were never known to sacrifice good sense to any interested views. Mr. Loutherbourgh is doubtless worthy of the place of First Painter to the Theatre, and we are not at present possessed of one who could fill it with equal credit *.

Besides his merit as a Landscape Painter, he is deserving of great praise as an Humourist, as is constantly seen in the many little figures with which he enriches his Pictures. The scene of the one before me, by the stage coach seems to be on some public road near town. On the right side of the Picture, near to a cock-fighting, is a field preacher with his congregation; a very entertaining group, which the Artist has devoutly strained every nerve to render properly ridiculous. To the left of the stage coach, he has

* Notwithstanding the presumption of his envious and petulant Artlings,

has introduced a Bull-baiting and a Quack Doctor; in these, and the party at Nine-pins, he has discovered a vein of humour ludicrous beyond conception. The figures are numerous, and well diversified; though, as the scene is in England, he might be supposed in some of his groups, by their leanness and rags, to have degraded the decent sons of beef and liberty, and given them more the appearance of Frenchmen than Britons.—But these are liberties necessary to strengthen expression, and are essential to his line of humour. And he does not confine it to the human species alone,—the Brutes partake of it equally,—nothing can be more agreeable than Foot's idea of the two intriguing cats in a gutter, which he has placed in the Fore-ground. These, together with the robbery of a Hen-roost in the corner, make up the principal part of the embellishments to this Landscape. The interstices of these groups are filled up with lean Beaus, fat Belles, Goats, Pigs, and Asses.

As the principles which guide his Pencil in those whimsical compositions, have been frequently followed of late, I shall, upon this subject, add a reflection or two which Mr. Loutherbourgh's Pictures have suggested to me.

This Artiſt has ſhewn that the external deformity of the body, and the extravagance of its dreſs, are the true ſources of Ridicule, and theſe as they approach to, or recede from, Proportion or Beauty, are leſs or more ridiculous.

Upon this principle has Mr. Loutherbourgh raiſed his excellent ſyſtem. But as the ſpirit of Ridicule is a vice of the moſt malignant nature, when improperly directed, we find him laudably employed in ſatyriſing the viciouſneſs of the mode, or that unpardonable contempt of Proportion which we daily ſee exhibited in our ſtreets by the wealthy citizen or the hungry author; the latter from want, the former from the contrary vice.

In his ſatyres we ſee all the extravagance of the Caracatura, and he indulges a licentiouſneſs of feature which nature, even in his own country, never diſplayed. Heads too large for their Bodies, Bodies blown up to an immenſe bulk, placed upon legs unable to ſupport them; abſolute ſkeletons performing all the evolutions of life. Theſe are again coupled and contraſted with every poſſible exaggeration,—covered with rags, or trimmed up in all the fooleries of dreſs. Corpulency is made to ſhudder at its own

enormity,

enormity, and Decripitude at its own misfortunes. In ſhort, his wit as an Humouriſt is ſomewhat like that of the great Bunbury, which prefers Grimace to Sentiment, and Extravagance to Nature.

Some have compared him to Hogarth; but that Artiſt ſet out with a different aim. Vice and Folly were his object; though the defects of the mind, it being of celeſtial decent, it is impious to cenſure. He neglected Caracature; and as the greateſt diſtortions of the human form and countenance are neceſſary for the purpoſe of Ridicule, his works were inſipid and unentertaining. Therefore, never venturing to puſh his ideas beyond nature, his ſatire was ineffectual, and his name mortal. But Mr. P. J. de Loutherbourgh, who ſo boldly drives into the regions of Exaggeration, ſhall ſit upon his cloud, and tell his tale to future ages.

## Mr. Stewart.

### The principal Front of a Houſe oppoſite to the North-Weſt corner of Portman-Square.

From ſome faults in the Front of this Houſe we ſcarce can believe it the work of a man who ſpent many

many years in ſtudying the beſt remains of Antiquity, and to whoſe labours this country owes moſt of the improvements in Architecture, which other Artiſts have been ſo deſirous of appropriating to themſelves. If Mr. Stewart had not given ſo many proofs of his Abilities, we might be juſtified in aſſerting that, like many more ingenious men, his ſtudies have more improved the Taſte of others than his own. We know not how to account for this falling off, but from his converſion to Epicurianiſm. Since he reſolved to enjoy the pleaſures of the paſſing moment, he ſeems to have neglected Fame as a Phantom unworthy of being placed in competition with more certain and ſubſtantial Good.

## Mr. Penny,

## Profeſſor of Painting to the Royal Academy.

Queen Eleanor compelling Roſamond to drink poiſon, and puniſhing her becauſe Nature had made her too beautiful not to be beloved, and too tender to reſiſt the ſolicitation of a youthful Monarch.

There is always ſo much ſound judgment, and ſo much practical knowledge in this Gentleman's works,

that

that we cannot but regret his not exhibiting more of his Pictures; and we muſt think they would add conſiderably to the Exhibition, though they are leſs ſhowy than numbers that are crouded there, and attract the attention of the ſpectators by ſuperficial beauties. By the agreeable choice of ſubjects, from ſtories and incidents well known to every Engliſhman, and by the familiar manner by which he conveys inſtruction with his works, he ſhews himſelf to be the ſame ſenſible and good man that we perceive him in his lectures.

## Mr. Nollekins.

### A Venus and Cupid, and The Buſt of a Nobleman.

This excellent Artiſt, more than any other, copies the beauties of the Antique, and transfers them into his own works. In purity and correctneſs of form, it muſt be a very experienced eye that can diſcover ſome of his ſtatues to be much inferior to the works of the Ancients, and he is deſerving a very high rank as a Diſciple of that ſchool.

Mr.

## Mr. Paine.

Front of Bangledown Manor, Weſtmoreland; Front of Garble Hall, Northumberland; Principal Front of Furleigh Place, Leiceſterſhire; North Front of Cowhall, Yorkſhire.

The appearance of Buildings is the object of my Criticiſms, and not their Strength or Utility. In the executive part of his profeſſion this Gentleman, perhaps, may be inferior to none; but for Taſte he muſt only rank with Meſſrs. Taylor, Holland, Johnſon, Couſe, and Gray.

It is difficult to gueſs from what ſource Mr. Paine derived his ideas of Architectonic Beauty, ſince they differ from all that have paſſed current for ages. Ancient Architects called theſe objects beautiful which were uſeful, and the moderns, looking on them, were pleaſed, and called them beautiful alſo. But the Beauties in theſe Buildings neither ariſe from Utility nor Prejudice. What they do ariſe from let thoſe declare who can diſcover.

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One Cauſe ſeems to be that knowledge in Arithmetic which he boaſts of. Diviſion and Multiplication have made wonderful work of theſe Buildings. We may ſuppoſe that he thus communed with himſelf when he meditated Bangledown-Manor,—" A ſingle " Pediment is eſteemed a beautiful Architectonic " Figure,—I will have three Pediments, and I ſhall " triple my beauty." " A ſingle Cornice is cer- " tainly beautiful,——I will cut my Cornice into " fifty Pieces, and my Beauty will be increaſed fifty " fold."—" For what, he continues, do they admire " the remains of Old Rome but for their mutilated " Members? I will do by Art to my Structures " what Time has done for thoſe, and turn the ad- " miration of Connoiſſeurs on myſelf." On theſe principles he has been amazingly ſucceſsful. Bangledown-Manor is a Magazine of Fragments, which Architects may ſtudy without the trouble of travelling.

In Cowhall and Turleigh Place, the ſame principles prevail. The Fronts are in ſo many pieces, that we fancy the parts are already made, and the deſign contrived to employ them. There is likewiſe good reaſon to believe that Mr. Paine has found the treaſure which the Dauphine ſent to Harry the Fifth.

There are almoſt as many balls in theſe two Fronts as would ſupply all the Tennis Courts in Europe.

In Garblehall he has added another Idea to the former. " Half the ſkill of an Artiſt, he ſays, is to " hide judiciouſly. A beauty half ſeen ſets Curio- " ſity to work to diſcover the remainder: If we ſee " half the leg of a Lady, we earneſtly deſire to ſee the " reſt, and if that deſire cannot be gratified,—how " beautiful it is!"—Now he deſigns and raiſes you a Front, which he covers with Niches, and Pediments, and pieces of Cornices, and afterwards thruſts out a Bulk here, a Bow Window there, and a couple of Hogſties at each end, to conceal what he has been doing, and give employment to your curioſity.—If you can diſcover it—'tis well—you have ſo much for your labour. If you cannot—why, it is better.

I ſhould be blameable if I neglected to obſerve that Mr. Paine has alſo been the author of a preface, which poſſeſſes ſome, though not many, of the excellencies obſerved in that of Meſſ. Adams. In Modeſty he ſeems almoſt equal to them. In the beginning he pretends to give an account of himſelf; but I wonder, notwithſtanding, that the literary Juſtices did not commit him, for he certainly gives no good account

of

of himſelf. At times he endeavours to be witty, and would ridicule the architectonic Abilities of Mr. Brown, becauſe he has preſumed to build without ſerving an Apprenticeſhip. But his Arrows are unwieldy, and pointed with lead. If they chance to reach their mark, they only give a dub againſt the celeſtial corſlet of his Antagoniſt, and fall blunted. It perhaps *may* be impoſſible to receive from our mothers the knowledge neceſſary for a practical Architect; but Mr. Paine himſelf is the beſt example that can be produced to prove, that, without natural Abilities, architectonic Breeding is of little avail.

O vanity! vanity! why wilt thou thus play tricks with poor mortals, and invert the intention of Nature to their ſhame? Thou madeſt this man big with a very big Book, which, when brought forth, muſt, as long as it lives, declare the impotency of its parent's Taſte. But I muſt not chide thee too raſhly, for all things work together for the good of the world. Thou certainly didſt intend this Book for a Beacon to his fraternity, and it is a pity that the blaze ſhould be ſo dazzling to his own eyes, as to deprive him of the advantage.

## Mr. Peters.

Portrait of a Lady in the character of Leda,
A Lancaſhire Witch at incantation,
Portrait of Miſs ——— in a reverie, and
A Country Girl.

The Colouring of theſe Pictures, and the ſoftneſs of the Lights, make them extremely rich and pleaſing, and theſe are beauties very ſuitable to many of this Painter's ſubjects. The Pictures of very few Artiſts are more agreeable to the eye, or better fitted for gaining a general reputation than thoſe of this Painter. But both the effect of Light and Shadow, and the Colouring of his pieces, border too nearly upon Affectation, and ſometimes there is a meagreneſs and a want of breadth in his Pencilling.

The gauze which this Artiſt uſes for the purpoſes of concealment, it is very likely may be ſufficient to prevent himſelf from bluſhing, but is no apology to the modeſty of the ſpectator.

This ingenious Painter has power to pleaſe us in better ſubjects than thoſe he often pitches upon.

He

He is not contented with ſtriking us only by the Beauties of the Art, but aims alſo at affecting the Paſſions, though indeed it is not by a dignity of thought or ſentiment; he has never yet afforded an opportunity by which we may praiſe, or hope to praiſe, him for excellence of that kind. He endeavours to lay hold of men where they are moſt frail, and has openly violated theſe prejudices that are reſpectable in the moſt amiable minds, and has ventured to expoſe what cuſtom has rendered ſacred.

We cannot tell whether this Gentleman plays the Pander of looſe ideas to his cuſtomers and the public, becauſe he imagines that it will be a means of bringing him more money; or becauſe Nature has ſome how or other given him ſo wanton a turn, that he cannot withhold from the world how tender a ſoul he is. I ſuppoſe he would be willing that the latter motive ſhould be attributed to him rather than the former, for we are better pleaſed with having it thought that we followed our own foibles, than flattered thoſe of other people. But it is moſt probable that he is influenced by both of theſe reaſons.

If the ſole intention of the Arts be to pleaſe, and it be permitted them to neglect or oppoſe every thing, though

though of the higheſt nature, then this Artiſt is not blameable, and the line he has choſen will certainly be very ſucceſsful in advancing him. This kind of Painting will, doubtleſs, affect us and attain its end ſooner, and will pleaſe more generally and more effectually than any other. Not many have judgment enough to be pleaſed with works of real genius, and ſtill fewer can produce any thing that will merit the approbation of a correct and experienced Taſte; but every one has an appetite to be touched, and few have made a covenant with their eyes not to behold indelicacy, and the moſt wretched performances are grateful to the obſcene palate. It has a Taſte groſs enough to reliſh any thing the moſt diſguſting.

When men of Wit permit themſelves to run into indelicacy and licentiouſneſs, the brilliance and ingenuity of their ideas ſecures them from contempt; indecency is the Wit of heavy and groſs minds: Such men perceive it is the quality of Wit to throw us into merriment, which they not being able to effect by any aſſemblage of ſtrange and fantaſtic images, think themſelves intitled to the character of Witty Men, if they can but raiſe a laugh, though it be with abominable conceits, never perceiving that

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we can be affected with laughter by other ideas than ſuch as are comical.

There are men ſo impenetrable, that the keeneſt ſallies of imagination cannot pierce through the mail that covers them; but preſent to them an indecent thought, and their goatiſh beards will begin to wag; their eyes to ſwim, and they will be almoſt convulſive with the humour of it. With ſuch men as theſe Mr. Peters aims to eſtabliſh a reputation, and without doubt he acts in ſo doing very wiſely, for many ſuch men have money to give away for Wanton Pictures, who have not judgment ſufficient to be pleaſed with good Paintings on any other ſubject.

But Mr. Peters muſt obſerve, if he does aim at a character of this kind, that all Wit loſes its beauty when its ſingularity is worn off; but that there is this difference between Wit in Converſation and in Picture, that we loſe ſight of the one before it has ceaſed to amuſe, while, in the other, after the ſpirit is fled, the form remains to ſhew the meanneſs and mortality of the Painter's Genius.

Mr.

## Mr. Thomas Sandby,
## Professor of Architecture in the Royal Academy.

Two Windows in love,
Four Columns in distress,
A Pediment in a pet.

Being attempts to demonstrate that Architecture is capable of Passionate Expression.

Without some of this Gentleman's Enthusiasm, it is impossible to make the Reader sensible how successfully these beautiful Drawings prove the truth of this singular opinion. I shall only observe, that the Windows look as tenderly on each other as Windows can possibly look; that the Columns express as much feeling as Columns can possibly express; and that the Pediment is just as pettish as a Pediment can possibly be.

However, as the public Instructor of our young Architects, Mr. Sandby is certainly to blame for thus indulging his warmth of imagination in subjects so unuseful, and particularly as he permits these fanciful opinions to have a place in his Lectures.

He

He is likewiſe blameable for waſting his time on the tales of Vitruvius, and a dry detail of the Orders and their Proportions. The latter is as unneceſſary as unentertaining, for every Student is ſuppoſed to have committed them to memory before he is admitted into the Academy, and the former have been too often repeated to ſerve as Embelliſhments. The character of Vitruvius has always been miſtaken. It is plain that he was a man of wit, and wrote his conjectures, ſyſtems, and doctrines of Proportion to puzzle the hard-handed men of his time, and divert the more intelligent reader, and, no doubt, his wit was laughable enough in his day; but a jeſt is no longer a jeſt when it has been a thouſand times told. It is indeed laughable enough to ſee grave men take his humour ſeriouſly, and fancy they really behold the curls of a lady's hair in the Ionic Capital, the folds of her mantle in the flutes of the ſhaft, and the laces of her buſkins in the mouldings of the Baſe, and afterwards warmly diſputing whether a Column without a Baſe, is moſt like a man without feet or without ſhoes.

## Mr. R. Wilson.

### A View on the Tyber,
### Ditto on the Alps.

It will naturally be expected from the Artists I have already praised, that Mr. Wilson will not meet with my approbation; but since this gentleman is grown old in the service of the Art, and has been ever solicitous to wash away care, I am naturally of too tender a disposition to bring down his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave; and will, on that account, give praise to other besides Italian Beauties.

The view on the Alps is chosen from that kind of nature which Mr. Wilson has often imitated, and in the composition he admits only general and great ideas, never stooping to the minutiæ of objects.

The view is taken from an elevated situation, from whence we look down into an immense bason, surrounded on every side by mountains rising up into the clouds, or hanging, in dreadful grandeur, over the lake. From the summit of one falls a great body of water, which forms the brightest part of the Picture; and, as it rushes down from rock to rock, spreads a

whitening

whitening foam, that diffuſes the Light and brings up the Fore-ground, without injuring his work with forced Shadows and contraſted colours.

The Objects are ſimple, bold, and majeſtic. Its colouring is grave and harmonious; all ſudden tranſitions, either in Light and Shadow, or in Colouring, are judiciouſly avoided, as unſuitable to the dignity of the ſubject. In this, as in every other Picture, he has rejected, with a noble contempt, all the little beauties which deck the compoſitions of meaner Artiſts. The neglect of an agreeable Pencil, one would be apt to think, is carried almoſt too far in his ſmaller Pictures, which being to be viewed near, would certainly require delicacy of execution, that, in larger works, would be injurious, and contrary to his principles.

There is a terrible magnificence in the ſcene, that is perfectly agreeable to the idea annexed to it by his figures, which are but ſlight and ſpirited daſhes of his Pencil, repreſenting the paſſage of Hannibal into Italy, as deſcribed by Livy.

How exceedingly does the introducing a little ſtory enrich a Landſcape, which may not only be intereſt-

ing in itſelf, but by a proper choice may impreſs the mind more ſtrongly with the genius of the ſcene. The power that Landſcape-painting has over the imagination, by leading it among the beauties that Nature has ſcattered over the face of the earth, is greatly enhanced, when it meets with a proſpect that bears ſome alluſion and analogy to particular ſenſations. The ſolemnity of the Groves, the rude force of Cataracts, and the gaiety of a Champain country, are not merely entertaining to the eye, but are ſuitable to certain diſpoſitions of the mind, and, at certain ſeaſons, are capable of affording us greater pleaſure than the view of Trees or Fields that bear no characteriſtic Expreſſion.

It is the buſineſs of the Landſcape-Painter to ſelect the leading marks that are here and there to be found in Nature, and produce them in his ſeveral Pictures; and accordingly as they are impreſſed with character, they diſplay the Genius of the Artiſt. But there are but few traits of the mind that can be ſhewn in Landſcapes, and moſt that are within its power are very general and undeterminate. The inſerting of figures is the beſt means of giving to the piece a deciſive character, and the uſe which Mr. Wilſon has made of this cannot be too much praiſed,

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and deſerves to be imitated by all who wiſh to lead the Imagination and entertain the Underſtanding.

In a ſtorm he has introducced the ſtory of Niobe; and we may imagine that every part of the ſcene has its ſpirit and agitation from the angry Deities; and even ſome parts of it ſeem characteriſed by the ruin and diſtreſs of the unhappy family. In another he has given from Thomſon the beautiful ſtory of Celadon and Amelia; and we are apt to forget the Painter, and aſk, with Celadon, Wherefore has Heaven permitted this tumult in Nature? In a third, where the ſcene ſcarcely needed to be characteriſed, he has carried us into the grounds of Cicero, where he and his friends are converſing. Every touch of his Pencil wears an air of Claſſic grandeur, and the preſence of that reſpectable and well-known group, ſanctifies the whole piece, and brings to the mind thoſe ſublime diſcourſes ~~which~~ which were held on this ſpot, and which lend their character to the Picture.

I ſhall add little upon *his View on the Tyber*. Though grand, its beauties are of a milder kind than the former, but executed with equal ability, and prove to us that this Artiſt is as capable of repreſenting the Elegant as the Great ſcenes of Nature.

Mr.

## Mr. Wyatt.

A View of the principal Front of Wynnſtay, the Seat of Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart.

North-Eaſt View of Stoke, in Wiltſhire, the Seat of Peter Delme, Eſq;

Plan of the principal Floor of a Houſe deſigned for the Right Hon. Lord Ducie Morton,

South-Weſt View of the ſame,

Several Sections and Ceilings of private Apartments.

There is a ſtriking difference between the Architecture of ancient Rome, as diſcovered in the Remains of her Public Buildings, and that of the Maſters who revived the Art in Italy. The Magnificence of the Roman is ſimple and unaffected, and conſiſts almoſt entirely in the regular diſpoſition of Columns equally grand by their relative magnitude and uſefulneſs. The Magnificence of the Italians is all oſtentation, and diſplays itſelf in a profuſion of ſplendid, but heavy and unneceſſary Ornament. From the Works of the latter our Architecture is derived; for our Architects ſeldom directly imitate the Romans

mans except in their Ornamental Buildings. In all those designed for useful purposes, whether public or private, the Italians have been their Models. The works of the Italians hold the place of Antiquity to them, as the Statues and Poems of Antiquity fill that of Nature to our Sculptors and Poets; and whatever benefit the last-mentioned Artists may receive from their Substitutes, the Architects have certainly misplaced their attention, and wandered from excellence, by imitating the wrong Objects.

During his residence in Italy, Mr. Wyatt studied the Roman Ruins and Modern Buildings with equal assiduity; but his good Taste rejected the parade of the Italians, and made the simplicity of the Romans the Models of his practice. The first of his works discovered which had been the Objects of his own admiration, and shewed that he had viewed them, not with a prejudiced, but a discriminating eye. In the Pantheon we have the excellencies of the most approved works of the Romans, without any of their blemishes, and these united to an elegance which, if the Romans ever attained, we have never had opportunity of remarking it. England never before possessed a Building where the Genius of Architecture was so conspicuous; where the Beauties of

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relative and particular Proportion, of Uniformity and Variety, of Ornament and Colour, were ſo happily blended into one Expreſſion, and that correſponding ſo well with the Deſtination.

The Drawings here exhibited will not diminiſh the reputation this Artiſt deſervedly gained by the Pantheon. The Fronts of Wynnſtay and Stoke are noble examples of unaffected Magnificence, the reſult of Simplicity of Form, of large Parts beautifully proportioned, and of Ornament ſparingly and judiciouſly uſed. The two Porticos, like that of St. Martin's in the Fields, and the veſt of the ancient Temples, convince us that Architecture wants no decoration when her Columns are dignified by Uſefulneſs. The houſe deſigned for Lord Ducie poſſeſſes more variety than theſe, and the principal Front is as original as it is beautiful. The Portico in the centre is a Circle, half of which projects and half ſinks into the wall. It is crowned with a Dome, and is itſelf a Temple which equals in elegance that of Veſta at Rome. The variety of this Front is finely contraſted, and its Grandeur increaſed by the long regular line of bold projecting Pilaſters in the Flank.——Architecture, perhaps, never preſented to the eye, on ſo ſmall a ſcale, an object more beautiful and magnificent.

Mr.

Mr. Wyatt ſeems to be the only Architect who knows the full value of Columns, which the Ancients thought almoſt ſufficient for the purpoſe of Magnificence. When he is not confined by circumſtances, we ſeldom ſee them in his Buildings elevated upon high Baſements, or ranged Order upon Order; and never do they loſe their effect in a croud of Embelliſhments. They are always the firſt objects which catch our attention, and always appear to be uſefully employed. In all theſe deſigns there is not a Column that can be taken away, and the eye not offended with an apparent want of ſupport.

We muſt likewiſe praiſe him for his management of Windows. Windows give the greateſt trouble to the Artiſt who would, in Private Buildings, rival the Public Magnificence of Rome. They conſtrain him to attach his Columns to the Wall, and, where there are more than two ranges, to raiſe them on Baſements, or to employ two Orders. The difficulty of managing theſe Apertures is but too viſible in the works of every Architect; but Mr. Wyatt has here overcome the difficulty, and, by turning ſome of them to the Flanks, and hiding others behind the Baluſtrade, reconciled Utility with Magnificence. The Columns are all inſulated, and all riſe from the

Steps to the Roof without darkening the Rooms; while a few large Windows give the Spectator Ideas of Apartments ſuitable to the Grandeur of the External Appearance.

Theſe, and other excellencies which I remark in theſe Drawings, might juſtify me if I placed this Artiſt the firſt of his Profeſſion; but he alſo claims our praiſes for his Contrivance, and for his Taſte in decorating private Apartments. There are few Plans that diſplay a ſuit of Rooms ſo conveniently ſituated with reſpect to each other, ſo regular in the diſpoſition of the Apertures, and of Forms ſo beautifully varied, as this which is here exhibited, and few Drawings that can equal in Taſte and Fancy theſe Deſigns for interior Embelliſhment.

It has been the general fault of Architects to make no diſtinction between interior and exterior Decoration, and to uſe the ſame forms and proportions wherever things of the ſame name were required, in blind obedience to Laws which were only intended to bind the Taſteleſs and Ignorant, and facilitate, not fetter, the operations of Genius. From Inigo Jones

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to Sir William Chambers *, the ſame weighty Proportions that gave Grandeur to the outſide were carried into Dreſſing-Rooms and Bed-Chambers. Mr. Adam was taught by Mr. Stewart to ſee this Abſurdity; but he fell into the contrary extreme, and while he aimed at elegance within, covered the outſide of



* I am ſorry to mention ſo frequently, with diſapprobation, the name of a Gentleman to whom the Art is indebted for one of the beſt practical Books, and whoſe judgment and good ſenſe more than compenſate for his defective Taſte. The vanity and jealouſy of Meſſrs. Adams would juſtify a ſeverer cenſure, but the candour obſervable in the writings of Sir W. Chambers, and that modeſty which never even inſinuates a conſciouſneſs of merit, joined to an opinion which the Author from a ſingle circumſtance has entertained of his character as a man, makes him blame with the greateſt reluctance. Theſe qualities are infinitely more valuable than Genius or Taſte. Truth, however, requires it to be obſerved, that nothing can be more oppoſite than the general practice of Sir William and many of his precepts. With the latter we are generally ſatisfied. This is not the only inſtance of difference between precepts and their application, which appear to ſpeak ſtrongly againſt the opinion that Judgment and Taſte are the ſame.

his Buildings with frippery *. Architecture might have thanked him for endeavouring to deliver her from ſervile Reſtraints, and the enormous Weight of her ornamental Attire, if he had not made her contemptible by decking her with the flutter of a Courtezan. Under ſuch reſtraints and in her antique Garb, though formal, ſhe was ſtately and reſpectable, like a Lady of Elizabeth's reign, and was able to produce Palaces which brave and hardy Nobles might take pride in; but moſt of the white walls, with which Mr. Adam has ſpeckled this City, are no better than Models for the Twelfth-Night Decorations of a Paſtry-Cook.

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* "That the beautiful Spirit of Antiquity which Meſſrs. Adams ſeized, as they ſay, and diffuſed through all their numerous works," was firſt extracted by others, is no more to be diſputed than that they have ſuffered the beſt of it to evaporate. I have ſeen deſigns with the name of Robert Adam, which had no excellence but what they received from "the maſſive Entablature and the Tabernacle frame," and were certainly made before he became enamoured of the "fanciful figures and winding foliage of the flowing Rainceau." If the Reader recollects what was formerly ſaid of theſe Artiſts, he may perhaps think Mr. Shanhagan has changed his opinions, but it is only the ſame object viewed in another light.—The Reader's own judgment will readily diſtinguiſh the proper.

In all the works of Mr. Wyatt the ſtyle of the Interior is totally different from the Exterior. On the outſide he is ſimple, plain, and bold; within, light, fanciful, and elegant. In the one he does not neglect the eſtabliſhed proportions which long experience has found to be moſt beautiful, yet they are ſubordinate to his Taſte, not the Leaders of it. He ſeems alſo to diſtinguiſh between the Proportions of Public and Private Buildings. The Grandeur of the firſt ought to be ſevere, while, in the other, it ſhould appear in good humour, and united with elegance. Agreeable to this diſtinction, in private Buildings he generally employs a taller Column and a lighter Entablature than is preſcribed by the Architectonic Canons, yet he ſeldom goes beyond what the Temple of Veſta will authoriſe: But in the Decoration of private Apartments, he gives full Liberty to his elegant Fancy, and amuſes the Eye with every variety of Form, Proportion, and Colour that by Harmony and Contraſt can give it pleaſure; and here the ſame correct Taſte preſides as on the outſide. His Ornaments are never of inelegant ſhapes, nor laviſhed with vulgar prodigality, nor too minute to be ſeen, nor ſo predominant as to engroſs our attention. We are never pained by lines violently contraſted, nor perplexed by a harſh oppoſition of glaring

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and discordant Colours, but a timely repetition of the same form preserves Variety from Confusion, and one mild prevailing Colour softens every brighter Tint into its own sweetness.

## Mr. Cozens.

Twelve Outlines of Hands and Feet, six of which are male, and six female; being an attempt to shew and demonstrate the very forms in which real, intrinsic, positive Beauty consists, and how, by the mere changing of the outline, Passion is infused.

This wonderful man, in a former work, has detected the secret hiding-place of Beauty in the human visage, and has delineated the Forms, and the only Forms, which ought to give us pleasure. He has proved, from the dropping of different colours into fair spring water, that, solely by the variation of Lines, any circumscribed Area becomes possessed of the characters of Mind.

Beauty, which before resided equally in the thick Lips of the Moor, or in the English or the Grecian Nose,

Nose, is now laid under proper restraint. It is no more suffered, as it was wont, to range through every possible Form that was attended by useful or desirable qualities. This Gentleman, through patriotic principles, has bound the changeable phantom to invariable Figures, and conjured the Spirit, thin though it be, into Lines of Mathematical Exactness.

This he has atchieved by hard study and lupines, for the benefit of the thousands of his honest and worthy Countrymen, who desire to know what is Beauty, but are in fear of being misled and of being pleased at a wrong place, and who would be glad to judge upon more secure grounds; but they not having materials wherewith to form a Taste for themselves, it requiring some exertion of thought and strength of intellect, Mr. Cozens has generously undertaken to assist them, and here he presents to them the fruit of his labours.

The first Hand and Foot of the six male ones may be supposed belonging to a Mars, or any man of spirit. It is intended to shew the identical Idea of Beauty which Nature had when she first imagined the Forms of things, and which we have great reason to believe actually existed during the whole period of

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the Golden Age, until Pandora, or the business of the Apple, made the fine Lines of our Faces, our Hands, and our Feet liable to be altered and deformed by the differences of climates, hard labour, long walks, gravel, thorns, and accidents.

The second pair shew themselves to be instinct with Spirit. The opening Palm and Heel, a little raised, mark the commencement of Passion and the feeling of Affront, which the ingenious Gentleman has coursed through the other four, even up to the excess of Rage, which is visible from the clenching of the fist, and the clasping of the toes.

The second set are the Female Hands and Feet, which may be imagined to belong to a Venus, as our paragon of every thing handsome. And here the Artist defies Nature herself to have made Beauty consist in any other Lines than those that are here described.

The first pair of extremities are Simple Beauty, where the Artist has not endeavoured to set it off by any delicacy of Lines or Touches, but suffers his principles to stand alone, unaided by any adventitious ornament. In the other examples, the fair water of

Simple

Simple Beauty is tinged by Affection and Paſſion. At firſt you ſee Civility barely removing the inſipidity of the Lines, and then proceeding onwards to Kindneſs,—to Tenderneſs,—to Fondneſs, till, gracious Powers! you ſee them friſking in all the violence of ſympathetic Ecſtacy.

It is a matter of wonder that the Statuaries of the age do not improve the hint given them by this Gentleman in his former work, in which he has ſet forth to them, in his Heads, the examples of perfect Contours of Features; and has now added thereto the outlines of perfect Extremities, both Male and Female.

Nothing could more conduce to the improvement of the Arts of Deſign, than that ſome Sculptor, or Society of Sculptors, ſhould ſet up a ſecond Doryphorus, that might be referred to by all modern Artiſts, as the model of perfect Beauty, and be handed down to poſterity as the rule of their works, and their immediate guide to Excellence.

I think it incumbent upon me, from my love to the Beautiful and to my Countrymen, to ſtop a little here, and diſplay ſome of the advantages that accru-

ed to the Ancients, from the perfect model which they had in the little ſoldier of Policletus, and of the great uſe it would be in our age to have ſuch a rule of perfection to recur to on every occaſion, and to form in the minds of our young men true and preciſe ideas of Beauty.

The wiſe Grecians ſaw how ſlowly the Arts advanced in their infancy, when compared to the rapidity of their progreſs after their ſeveral branches were brought to perfection by the ſeparate labours of many Artiſts, wiſely gathering therefrom, that it is much eaſier for the ſtudent to gain excellencies by the ready mode of imitation, than by the tedious and often unſucceſsful one of ſearching for them in Nature by his own taſte and judgment.

In every thing we are converſant with, there is a point of perfection; at which, when they are arrived, they decline gradually until they ſink into the contrary ſtate. As our countryman, Sir Richard Blackmore, determined to a ſmall matter the identical year in which a man can beſt write an Epic Poem, ſo Policletus conſidered the age in which he lived to be the climacteric of the Arts in his Country, and from thence caſt about to transfer the Umpirage of Beauty

from

from Taſte to Reaſon, that it might be no longer ſubject to trifling or ſuperannuated Fancy. It was to this end he produced his perfect Statue, or, as it was called, the Rule.

By means of this the Grecians had no longer any uſe for Taſte or Genius. Every thing beautiful became ſubject to Arithmetic. The fire of Invention, or the enthuſiaſm that was wont to catch and realize the formerly unſpeakable graces, were no longer neceſſary; whatever they were accuſtomed to ſupply, was already marked upon the meaſuring rod of every maſon.

The practicability of ſuch a ſcheme is not only ſeen in an undoubted example in ancient times, but it is ſhewn in our day by the learned Preſident of the Academy, in his diſcourſes delivered there, that mathematical truth is not more clear than the truth of Beauty is to the eye of an Artiſt. But, alas! he has acted according to the Scotch adage. "He has given hotter kail than he can ſup himſelf." Even in his diſcourſes he deſerts this worthy intention, and, notwithſtanding all he has ſaid to the contrary, he has given free ſcope to Imagination and Genius: In his works he has entirely loſt his firſt principles, it

is not Reaſon that diſcovers the truth of what he repreſents in his Paintings, with the coldneſs with which it diſcerns Geometrical or Arithmetical Truth; but we are delighted by ſenſations of Pleaſure, which Reaſon, in the bare detection of Truth, never occaſions.

Policletus carried theſe principles into action, and ſuch was the advantage that aroſe to Greece, and ſuch would be the benefit that England would receive from an imitation of his example, that it merits the conſideration of Parliament, in order to the making of an act that it may be put into execution.

Then it will be with us, when this is compleated, as it was, in a certain meaſure, in Greece; Men of Fortune, and Country Gentlemen who do not like the fatigue, or have not opportunities of attaining to Virtuoſoſhip, may purchaſe Taſte for half a guinea in any mathematical inſtrument-maker's ſhop. There will be no more the diſtinction of Genius and Stupidity, that is ſo mortifying to Gentlemen who are able to buy almoſt all the Ingenious Heads in Britain, could they but know to what uſe to put what they contained.

Every

Every one in Greece who could count to twenty, though only by the aſſiſtance of their fingers and toes; every one who could employ God-like Reaſon in diſcovering that a circle is no triangle, or rejoice in the delightful truth that two is equal to the half of four; they, even the duſt-men and brewers ſervants, the fiſh-women and the apple-girls that trundled their barrows along the ſtreets of Athens, or roaſted pippins for the paſſers by, and even the turtle-fed Alderman himſelf was as learned in Vertú as the great Phidias.

And ſuch I truſt will be the caſe with us alſo, O my Countrymen! Every thing ſhall be alike beautiful, and every man ſhall know it. We ſhall no longer perceive any thing with unſeemly pleaſure, but with cool reaſon and indifference. No man's work ſhall excel another's, nor no man's judgment excel his fellow's; and John of the Academy ſhall calculate beauty as learnedly as the Preſident.

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## E R R A T A.

| Page | Line | |
|---|---|---|
| 5 | 14 | *for* bound without laurel, *read* bound with laurel. |
| 20 | 6 | *for* Zephirus, *read* Zephyrus. |
| | 8 | *for* Pſyſhe, *read* Pſyche. |
| | 10 | *for* Acis an Galatea, *read* Acis and Galatea. |
| 25 | 8 | *for* inſignia Virilis, *read* inſignia Virilia. |
| 30 | 12 | *for* ſavoured, *read* favoured. |
| 44 | 24 | *for* addition riches and variety, *read* addition of riches and variety. |
| 78 | 7 | *for* enough to pleaſe, *read* enough to be pleaſed. |

# ERRATA.

| Page | Line | |
|---|---|---|
| 5 | 14 | *for* bound without laurel, *read* bound with laurel. |
| 20 | 6 | *for* Zephirus, *read* Zephyrus. |
| | 8 | *for* Pyche, *read* Psyche. |
| | 10 | *for* Aeis an Galatea, *read* Acis and Galatea. |
| 25 | 8 | *for* indigula Vitalis, *read* indigula Vitalis. |
| 30 | 12 | *for* favoured, *read* favoured. |
| 44 | 24 | *for* addition, *read* variety, *read* addition of variety. |
| 75 | 7 | *for* enough, *read* enough to be placed. |

BRITISH MUSEUM

John Caroline

1402. h. 31